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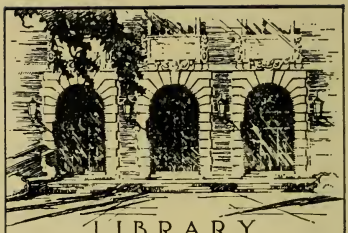

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LA BELLE SAUVAGE,

OR

A PROGRESS THROUGH

THE BEAU-MONDE.

A Novel.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

MR. LYTTLETON,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLIES OF FASHION, LOTTERY OF LIFE, &c.

"Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli."

JUVENAL.

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LA

BELLE SAUVAGE.

LETTER I.

Lord Winlove to Lady Varnish.

YES, Madam, your eyes were juſt, and preſented you the image of the moſt injured man living!—yes, Madam, the object that met them was your lover—the man you once deigned to call your Hilario!—Shall I ſpeak a yet ſtronger truth?—whilſt in the arms of one huſband, you beheld another!

WINLOVE.

LETTER II.

From Lady Varnish to Lord Winlove.

BASE, insulting man!—Is it for you, my Lord, to write the letter I have just received?—is it for you to insult the misfortune your own perfidy has caused? If I am married to another, by whose desertion was it that I was forced into this alliance? You call me your wife.—Answer me this question, my Lord—if I am your wife, for what was this wife forsaken? Another blush still remains for you; for surely it must rise even in your face, when the full consequence of your falsehood

falſehood thus meets your eye, all ſummed up in the name I muſt now ſubſcribe—

E. VARNISH.

LETTER III.

From Lord Winlove to Lady Varniſh.

WHAT is it you mean, Madam?—"My perfidy!—forced into a marriage!"—What are theſe expreſſions?—There is ſome myſtery; for Heaven's ſake explain it! You cannot add deriſion to deſertion. Oh Emily! my beating heart confeſſes a truth it has long endeavoured to conceal from itſelf, and this truth is, that, in ſpite of all my injuries—in ſpite of all your falſehood, I ſtill love:—yes, Madam, you may deceive me once more!

WINLOVE.

LETTER IV.

From Lady Varniſh to Lord Winlove.

YOU ſtill love me, my Lord! Can I a moment believe you? You ſay there is a myſtery; let it be cleared up—explain your cruel deſertion. But what will be the event, ſhould you even prove your innocence?—why, that we ſh ll be more wretched than ever! We are ſeparated by bars that can never be ſurpaſſed—we ſhall find our error only to lament it!—Explain yourſelf, however.

LETTER V.

From Lord Winlove to Lady Varnish.

YOU have demanded an explanation, Madam, and I am now proceeding to give it to you: I have only to wish that it may enable you to justify yourself; for my own part, you will soon acknowledge that I stand acquitted.

You may remember the morning when I left your father's house to return to that of my own: need I recal to your memory the tender leave we then took of each other—

the vows of endleſs love which we mutually breathed out? How often, as I endeavoured to force myſelf from your chamber, did my feet refuſe the ungrateful office, and, obeying the impulſes of my heart, reſtore me again to your embrace!—With what blended modeſty and love did you then endeavour to check my ardour!—With what reluctant prudence did you implore me to leave you, while your encircled arms declared the inſincerity of your tongue, and enchained the priſoner you were entreating to fly! Oh Emily! you were then faithful!—But I will not reproach you.

As I took leave of your father, he put a letter into my hand, deſiring me to deliver it to mine; I then mounted my horſe, and rode off. You may remember the ſouthern hill that overlooked your father's houſe; you

may

may remember there was a chesnut-tree on the top of it, with a rustic seat which our own hands had made round its trunk. How often, Emily, have we sat on this bench—how often was it the scene of our rising passion—of those delightful liberties which love will always take, and even modesty endure!—But these times are now past, and it is for our happiness, perhaps, to endeavour to forget that they once were.

I turned my horse out of the road, and ascended the hill. I carried my eyes to your father's house: they were soon attached to that end of it which your chamber occupied: I saw the window covered with the vine, and a few moments afterwards I saw yourself advance towards it, and throw it open.—Oh Emily! what were my feelings at this moment!—they were those of a young bride-

groom, whoſe bliſs is raviſhed from his arms before it is well enjoyed!

It was not without many efforts that I could force myſelf from ſo intereſting a ſpectacle. You were at that time in the full bloom of youth and beauty; your figure was that of a ſylph, whom poets might deſcribe as deſcending in a ſunbeam. You had become my own within a few hours; every thing was united that could raiſe emotion; every thing conſpired to ſwell my love to the very extravagance of paſſion.—I left the hill at laſt, and continued my journey.

I ſoon arrived at my father's: he received me with affection. He was not naturally of this turn; but his banker had lately failed, and he had loſt nearly half his fortune by this accident. His loſs had in ſome meaſure

ſoftened

ſoftened his mind ; an effect Misfortune often produces, and which ſometimes almoſt compenſates her evil.

My father's loſs was another obſtacle to my love. On my road home I had determined to avow my marriage, and truſt to his indulgence to me, or what inſpired me with more hope, to his known friendſhip for your father. I had not, however, been an hour in his houſe before he retired to his ſtudy, deſiring me to follow him. I obeyed. We entered the room, and he locked the door. Having ordered me to take a ſeat, he proceeded to his bureau, took out a letter, and put it in ſilence into my hand. I immediately read it; its contents were as follow :—

"DEAR SIR,

"The late accident of our banker has given a ſhock to our commercial credit, which I fear will be the ruin of our houſe: the alarm has ſpread through all our connections, and our notes are returned for payment: it is only an immediate ſupply of money that can anſwer this great run. For Heaven's ſake ſend it, and ſave us from an approaching bankruptcy!"

Such were the contents of this letter. My father addreſſed me—"This letter is from my partner in London, and you have read its contents. It is only an immediate ſupply that can ſave us from bankruptcy and diſgrace. This ſupply, however, it is happily

in

in your power to procure."—He then put another letter in my hand, the contents of which were as follow:—

" MY GOOD FRIEND,

" I have received your propoſal for an alliance between our families, and it meets with my hearty concurrence: our long friendſhip ſeemed to call for ſuch a cloſe connection; and from the correct manners and happy nature of your ſon, I have every reaſon to believe he will make my daughter happy: her fortune, you know, is thirty thouſand pounds at preſent, and, as an only child, the whole of my property at my deceaſe. As your commercial concerns require whatever money you may poſſeſs, I ſhall not expect

that you will present a fortune to your son—my daughter's will be sufficient for both parties; and of the half of this, with your son's consent, you may have the use in your trade. I mention this last circumstance, as I hear you have suffered something from the failure of your banker."

You may guess my astonishment at this letter. My father continued—"You see, Sir, it is in your power to save us all. The ignominy of your father would even attach some portion of disgrace to yourself. But I shall say no more; I have no doubt of your ready assent."

Saying this, he was about to leave the room, when I remembered the letter I had received

received from your father, but which I had till now forgotten to deliver to him. I now gave it to him;--he opened it, and began reading it. In a few minutes he gave a ſtart, fixed his eyes upon me, but ſaid nothing. He continued till he had read it through, when he cloſed it with a thoughtful look, and left the room.

WINLOVE.

LETTER VI.

Lord Winlove in Continuation.

THIS ſilence and apparent thoughtfulneſs of my father continued ſome days; he appeared as if involved in ſome new embarraſſment,

ment, and was evidently labouring with ſome deſign. It was in vain I endeavoured to conjecture to what to attribute it: I had no doubt, however, that the letter I had delivered him from your father had ſome ſhare in it. I was ſometimes inclined to believe that your father had made a diſcovery of my application to him.—"He is informed of my attachment," ſaid I to myſelf, "and is conſidering within himſelf whether he ſhall yield to it. His mind is at preſent divided between his affection for me, and the greater advantages he will obtain by this other alliance."

It was thus that I endeavoured to explain this myſtery in his conduct: I conſidered him as divided between two oppoſite inclinations; his myſtery I thought was nothing but his irreſolution,

irreſolution, and I waited with impatience till he had determined.

In the meantime I had written ſeveral letters to you, and was aſtoniſhed that you never deigned me an anſwer. I endeavoured to find ſome excuſe for you;—the letters had miſcarried, I thought, and I was conſidering as your inconſtancy, what was only the accident of a poſt. I wrote again—again, however, I wrote in vain; I received no anſwer. Nothing could now equal my terror and uncertainty: I felt all the pain that might be expected from the exceſs and tenderneſs of my love. The great diſtance between us, your father's houſe being in the eaſt, and mine in the weſt of England, prevented my immediately flying to you; and my father, ſuſpecting my deſign perhaps, found many means to prevent it: the preſent embarraſſ-

ment

ment of his affairs was an excuſe to keep me always employed; and I confeſs, Madam, I owed ſomething of the tranquillity I recovered to this continual occupation.

I was not, however, even at this time, in a ſtate of perfect eaſe; and though I again endeavoured to find ſome excuſe for your neglect, I could find none that would ſatisfy me. One moment I was inclined to think that it might be your father who prevented you from writing.—"He has intercepted my letters," ſaid I to myſelf, "and none of them perhaps have reached her hand:—my Emily, my wife, cannot be thus ſuddenly inconſtant!—Or is it illneſs," added I in my own mind, "that has thus interrupted our correſpondence?"

This laſt conjecture ſeemed better founded than

than any of the preceding; and as nothing could at that time exceed my love, gave me more pain, and what I could leſs endure than any of my other ſuggeſtions. I determined, therefore, to put an end to my ſuſpenſe, and know the full extent of my misfortune.

Amongſt my father's ſervants there was one in whom the whole of our family placed the greateſt confidence; he was a ſhrewd fellow, and from a very inferior ſtate—that even of our loweſt ſervant, had raiſed himſelf to a kind of a riding clerk to the houſe. The concerns of my father extended over the whole kingdom; and in the management of thoſe concerns, the clerk I have juſt mentioned was in the habit of viſiting almoſt every town in England.

As

As I was one day walking by myſelf, and in the utmoſt ſurpriſe at your unaccountable neglect, this fellow came up to me, and telling me he was going down into the country, and within a few miles of Dr. Lyttleton's, demanded if I had any letter to ſend to my former tutor. It immediately came into my mind that I would employ him in the ſervice I was meditating. I wanted an agent, and thanked the lucky fortune that had thrown one into my way.

To ſhorten my ſtory, I entruſted him with a letter, deſired him to ſee you himſelf, and to deliver it into no other hands but your own. I preſented him with a purſe as an inducement to ſerve me. He left me with every promiſe of fidelity; adding, that he ſhould ſet off on the following morning.

A circum-

A circumſtance happened as I returned home which excited a momentary ſuſpicion at that time; and ſomething perſuades me that this ſuſpicion will be now confirmed. As ſoon as I returned home after my interview with this fellow, I retired to my chamber:—as I paſſed by the door of my father's room, I ſaw it opening, and the fellow I had juſt been ſpeaking to coming out. Upon ſeeing me, he appeared a little confuſed. A ſuſpicion immediately ſtruck me; it was crude, however, and confuſed, and paſſed off immediately: but now I recal it to my memory, it bears the appearance of confirmation. If we have been deceived, this has been the inſtrument. He ſet off on his journey next morning, and I expected his return with the utmoſt impatience.

During the time of his abſence, I could not

not but reflect on the conduct of my father; I confess it struck me as a little extraordinary. On my first arrival, he had appeared very eager to conclude my alliance with the daughter of his friend; since that time he had never mentioned it. His looks too, as he sometimes regarded me, struck me with a degree of wonder: they appeared full of some design; they resembled the regards of a gambler, who governs his play by the turns of his adversary's countenance.

My impatience for the return of my messenger was now grown extreme. He at length came;—I flew to him: but guess my surprise, my terror, my confusion of every strong and violent feeling, when, in answer to my demand of a letter, he replied—that you and your father had both left the country, and were said to have gone abroad.

"Abroad!"

"Abroad!" repeated I, in the very wildneſs of madneſs.

He replied coolly that he had called at your houſe, and received his information from an old houſekeeper:—ſhe had told him, he added, that you were gone to Liſbon, to attend on a ſick and dying relation.

I will not attempt, Madam, to deſcribe my feelings at this report: endeavour to conceive them in their fulleſt violence;—conceive a mind unhinged by the ruſhing fury of its ſtrongeſt paſſions—conceive all that inſulted love ever felt, and as much as man ever endured, and you may then have ſome image, though one ſtill fainter than the reality of the ſtate of my mind under this injury.

When

When I recovered a little from these violent agitations, my mind imbibed a spirit of revenge, and I determined to seek you and expose you. My father, I believe, soon conjectured my design, for he found instant means to prevent it. He obtained me a considerable appointment in the service of the East India Company, which my indignation, and the distracted state of his fortune made me immediately accept.

My story may now be concluded in a very few words. In a few days I sailed for India. In the Madras papers I soon read of your marriage:—this was a shock indeed! To divert my mind, I applied to business with a more than common ardour: my industry met with its natural success, and I amassed an immense fortune. I have returned to England within

within only a few months hence, and have been ennobled by my Sovereign.

This, Madam, is my explanation. May I now call upon your Ladyſhip?

WINLOVE.

P. S.—I beg your pardon, but I have one thing more to add.—I have juſt learned that the clerk I have mentioned, is now a lawyer, and living at this very time in N—— Street, in the Strand. I have ordered my carriage, and will wait on him immediately. If there has been any roguery, I ſhall ſoon wring it out: I ſhall acquaint your Ladyſhip with the reſult of my viſit: my coach is now at the door.

WINLOVE.

LETTER

LETTER. VII.

From Miſs Rachael to her Cousin Jenny.

DEAR JANE,

WHEN I ſent you my laſt letter, I told you that you ſhould ſoon have another. It is not the faſhion to keep a promiſe; but as you are now down in the country, and will not expoſe me, I ſhall not mind keeping one with you; but for the world I would not venture ſuch a thing in town. To break a promiſe is here both a privilege and diſtinction

diſtinction of the people of faſhion; and if you hear a man ſpoken of as a ſincere character, you may conclude that he is ſome vulgar booby. You may meaſure a man's rank by his inſincerity; and if I were to ſpeak in your rough country manner, I ſhould ſay that the greateſt man is generally the greateſt liar.

In my laſt letter I told you the odd event that happened to my Lady at the Opera, and promiſed you I would endeavour to diſcover the myſtery; but this has not been in my power. My Lady has been employed the whole of the day either in writing or receiving letters. There is ſomething going forward, but I cannot as yet diſcover what. My Lord's conduct is equally as extraordinary. He affects his former gay careleſſneſs, but it is eaſy to ſee that he affects it only

as a maſk; he keeps a ſteady eye upon my Lady, and I am much miſtaken if he has not ſome deep deſign. For Heaven's ſake, couſin, conceal from every one what I am now going to tell you! As I am now become a girl of faſhion, I have ſecrets which muſt not be told to every ear.—Have a care then, and attend.

When I came down to breakfaſt this morning, I found no one in the parlour but my Lord. He was walking up and down the room with an uneven ſtep, and a thinking countenance. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he took my hand, and preſſed it to his lips.

" Dear couſin," ſaid he, " you look an angel this morning!"—I believe I bluſhed.—He added—" And with the beauty of an angel, may I expect the kindneſs?"

He

He then led me to my ſeat at the breakfaſt-table. For ſome time he remained in that ſilence which always attends a ſtate of perplexity. He ſeemed as if he had ſome ſubject to introduce; but did not well know how to begin. I tried to rally him on his ſerioufneſs.

"You ſeem thoughtful, my Lord; are you thinking of the Opera? It was certainly a very——"

"Curſe the Opera!" repeated he, in an abrupt angry tone.

"You are very right, my Lord," continued I, determined not to ſpare him, but to give full reins to my impertinence, "you are very right, my Lord, for it was certainly a very ſtupid performance. Can any thing be more truly abſurd than ſeeking to amuſe an audience in a language they do not underſtand? It is as bad as——"

" Pſhaw!" added my Lord, again interrupting my flippancy in a tone of pettiſhneſs. I pretended, however, not to notice the interruption, and continued—

" It is as bad as the cuſtom of praying amongſt the Roman Catholics. The only difference is, that their ſermons are in Latin to an Italian congregation, and our Operas Italian to an Engliſh audience."

My Lord here condeſcended to ſpeak.

" And perhaps, couſin, it is the ſame policy that has led to both. In a bad religion, or bad Opera, it is a prudence both in the Prieſt and player to conceal as much as poſſible. It is ſometimes an advantage not to be eaſily underſtood."

" Do you think ſo, my Lord?" replied I, fixing my eyes upon him, ſo that he could not well avoid underſtanding my alluſion.

" Well,

"Well, do you know, my Lord, I have ſometimes thought theſe were your ſentiments."

"Yes, couſin," ſaid he, "but there is a time when this maſk may be dropped, and I think the time is now come."—And then, taking my hand, and dropping on his knee—"Dear Rachael," ſaid he, "need I ſay that I love you? You muſt have ſeen it—you muſt have known what I have ſcarcely wiſhed to conceal."

"Fie, my Lord!" replied I; "conſider your Lady!"

"I do conſider her," replied he; "I conſider her as a bar that at preſent divides us, but a bar which I ſoon hope to remove. But anſwer me one queſtion;—ſhould my Lady ceaſe to be my wife, would you accept the hand I ſhould then be free to offer you?"

At this moment, before I could anſwer

his queſtion, or he riſe from his knees, the parlour door opened, and my Lady entered. Seeing my Lord's ſituation, ſhe made a little retreat; but advancing again immediately, ſhe ſaid—"I beg your pardon, couſin—I beg your pardon, my Lord—I fear I have intruded."

"Not at all, Madam," returned my Lord; "but I hope your Ladyſhip has recovered your alarm at the Opera laſt night?"

My Lady here did what I never ſaw her do before—ſhe bluſhed! We were all, I believe, equally confounded, and therefore equally relieved by the entrance of a ſervant who uſhered in Sir Harry Loveday. Sir Harry immediately took his ſeat at table; and the converſation proceeded as if nothing had happened.

I have

I have been the more particular in this ſcene, becauſe it will explain a queſtion you have put to me in one of your late letters. You may remember you aſked me what I meant by *banter*. This ſcene gives you an inſtance of it; but to give it you in a ſtill fuller manner—the art of *banter* is but a kind of gay impertinence. In all faſhionable circles it ſupplies the place of wit; and is ſometimes, as you may perceive even in this ſcene, of conſiderable ſervice in a perplexity. It will ſometimes divert a queſtion which it may not be convenient to anſwer; and ſometimes compel an anſwer, where it would be impoſſible to put the queſtion. It is an inſtrument that you will ſee handled in every company; I have met it even at a Church, and it is not uncommon in the Senate.

As ſoon as Sir Harry had ſeated himſelf, he turned to my Lord.—" Well, my Lord, it is all over; the fellow is hanged."

" Who is hanged?" ſaid my Lady.

" Why, the fellow who robbed your Ladyſhip." replied Sir Harry.

" Oh your friend!" ſaid I.

" I thank you, Madam," replied he, bowing.

I bowed again—I was in a humour to be impertinent.

" But the worſt of it is, my Lord, at the deſire of my Lord Judge, the fellow has given a liſt of all the men of quality who have ever won his money. 'Tis a pretty long one I believe. I met my Lord ——, and he ſays he has loſt by him. He won a hundred pounds of him the other night, but the fellow only gave him his bill. When I met

met his Lordſhip, he was going down to the priſon, to ſee if he had any chance of his money; but when I told him he was too late, for that the man had been hanged this half hour, he flew in a paſſion, curſed him for a cheat, and returned back*."

"And pray," ſaid my Lord, "did he make any thing of a confeſſion?"

"Yes," replied Sir Harry, "and, faith, 'twas rather pithy. Theſe were its words.—"I attended the playhouſe, and became a thief—I got acquainted with Nobles, and

* The circumſtance to which this part of the letter alludes, is unfortunately too well known. It certainly well deſerves a public expoſure; and in my opinion, to treat it with ridicule is to treat it very gently. After this explanation, it will not be objected that the incident of a highwayman is too low. He may ſurely be admitted in the page of a Novel, who has a place even at the table of a Nobleman.—EDITOR.

became a gambler—I loſt my money, and took the road."

A ſervant now entered the room with a letter, which, to the ſurpriſe of myſelf, as well as the company, he delivered to me. My Lady deſired me to open it; I did ſo, and theſe were the contents.

" MADAM,

" The French lady you ſo kindly relieved yeſterday by a fifty pound note, returns you her moſt grateful thanks, but begs leave to reſtore your favour. Her remittances, ſo long delayed, have at length arrived; and ſhe is no longer in any need of relief. Her gratitude, however, ſhe ſtill retains; and the remembrance of your benevolence, Madam, will ceaſe but with her life."

Here

Here a bank-note dropped out of the letter; Sir Harry took it up, and preſented it to me. The eyes of the whole company were upon me. I was more aſtoniſhed than any of them. I put the letter, however, into Sir Harry's hand, and deſired him to read it aloud. As my Lady ſat by the ſide of him, ſhe gave a look over him; but catching a ſight of the contents, ſnatched it out of his hand, and put it haſtily into her pocket. Sir Harry, who had ſeen the contents, laughed; my Lord, who perhaps ſuſpected ſomething elſe, looked ſternly and inquiſitively at her. My Lady perceived his ſuſpicions; and, taking the letter from her pocket, put it into my Lord's hand.

"Well," ſaid ſhe, "I perceive it muſt come out. The truth is, this letter belongs to me, and was given to this young lady

by miſtake. It comes from the French lady who was here the other day. You may remember, Sir Harry, you declared her petition to have every appearance of real diſtreſs. When I left the room, I enquired her addreſs, and encloſed her the note ſhe has now returned: I confeſs it is not a very faſhionable act; but as I confeſs it, you muſt not laugh at me."

There, my dear, what do you now think of people of faſhion? You muſt at leaſt acknowledge them free from hypocriſy; for whilſt all the reſt of the world are endeavouring to appear better than they are, the people of faſhion have the odd vanity to endeavour to be thought worſe. They ſometimes do a good action, but they are always faſhionable enough to be aſhamed of it.

LETTER.

LETTER VIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

DEAR JANE,

THE lateneſs of the hour, and my unuſual wearineſs, obliged me to break off my laſt letter, though I had ſtill much to tell you: I have now reſumed my pen, and ſhall write you a tolerably long letter. I have undertaken, you know, to teach you the *beau-monde*; and to make you perfect in this knowledge, my leſſons muſt be various and frequent: indeed the chief ſingularity of the *beau-monde* is this variety. Your ſtupid country always wears

wears the ſame appearance;—green fields, horrible woods, and clowniſh open countenances—boors who ſpeak as they think, and who think as their homeſpun reaſon guides them. It is not ſo in this gayer world; the park is never the ſame for two hours together—new ſets of company make it a new place. The playhouſe varies with the piece, and the Court with new introductions; and even the people themſelves ſeem to vary every hour, and no one is the ſame character two days together. A delightful hypocriſy, a faſhionable diſſimulation, and a gay inconſiſtency give an almoſt endleſs variety, and break that tedious uniformity, that ſteadineſs ſo approaching to ſtagnation, which ariſes from the odious ſimplicity of your country manners. Horrible ſimplicity! intolerable ſameneſs!—Oh country! I do indeed deteſt thee!

I told

I told you in my laſt letter that, after our breakfaſt was concluded, Sir Harry propoſed a party to a faſhionable library; my Lady deſired me to accept it, but excuſed herſelf, ſaying that ſhe had letters to write and anſwer, which would employ her the whole of the day: and indeed ſhe has been thus employed; my Lord himſelf obſerves it, and ſeems to ſuſpect, as I do myſelf, that this unuſual induſtry has ſomething to ſay to the affair of the Opera. I am determined to diſcover this myſtery. I hope I am not jealous; but my Lord has certainly put ſomething into my head, or perhaps rather into my heart, which was not there before: 'tis certain that I begin to hate her Ladyſhip, though ſhe has given me no other reaſon but that of ſtanding in my way in ſomething I begin to wiſh. If you have improved by my inſtructions—I mean by my letters, and

leſſons

leſſons on the *beau-monde*, as much as I expect you have, you will not be frightened at this paſſage—'tis all in faſhion, my dear!

Well, my dear, the coach was ordered, and we drove off—I mean my Lord, Sir Harry, and myſelf: we ſoon arrived, entered the rooms, and began turning over ſome books.

"Are there any new publications?" ſaid my Lord to the man.

"Yes, my Lord," replied the man:—"the war has at leaſt this one good effect, that it makes our authors induſtrious."

"How ſo, friend?" ſaid Sir Harry; "how can the war affect the ſtock of wit?"

"Becauſe it affects the price of bread," replied the man pertly, "and this a ſure thing to make wits induſtrious: where an author uſed to bring us one volume, he now brings

brings us three; their wit rises with their baker's bills: and if the war continues much longer, Sir, I shall turn a wit myself."

The gentlemen laughed at the man's pertness.

"Well," said my Lord, "have you any thing to recommend to us as worth our time?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the clerk; "here is a celebrated pamphlet that is very well worth reading, and is almost a general favourite."

"What," said Sir Harry, "has it *wit?*"

"No," replied the fellow, "but it has *treason.*"

The gentlemen laughed again.

The man continued—"Treason is better than

than wit at preſent; it never hangs on our hands a moment, but is ſure of a moſt ready ſale. An author is ſure to be *read* who deſerves to be *hanged*. I know a wit at this very time, gentlemen, who has made his fortune by being in *Newgate!*"

"Have you any *Novels?*" ſaid my Lord.

"Yes, Sir," ſaid the man; "here is one that is a general favourite."

"This then, I ſuppoſe, has ſome wit?" added Sir Harry.

"No, Sir, but it has ſome *blaſphemy*," replied the fellow, "and that is more in faſhion."

"Who's the author?" ſaid my Lord.

"One that is not aſhamed of it," added he: "you have only to look at the title-page;—there you ſee my Lord an M. P.—a Member of Parliament!"

I deſired

I desired to have the book: the man gave it to me, and the gentlemen laughed; I could not at that time tell *at what*. I have since then been reading the book in bed, and I flatter myself not without some improvement. You may remember, my dear, in one of my last letters, I made mention of a picture which my Lord purchased, and told you how I should employ it to inspire me with a fashionable confidence. I shall now leave this picture, and have recourse to this Novel; it shall never be out of my pocket, and I flatter myself will soon complete me in the art of never blushing. I wish some more Members of Parliament would write; 'tis certainly a charming Novel.

"What, in the devil's name, is this?" said Sir Harry, turning over another book.

"That

"That, Sir," ſaid the clerk. "You have taken the wrong way, Sir, to know what it is by looking in the book itſelf; you muſt look in the title-page, Sir, for that information:—an author generally forgets his ſubject when he paſſes his title-page."

"'Tis a Comedy," replied my Lord, looking over Sir Harry; "what is its merit?"

"Democracy, vulgarity, and the loweſt of all low humour. Sp——d the P——h, however, is a favourite; it ſells, and anſwers our purpoſe; it has taken, and mended the author's rags."

"D—n the ſtuff!" ſaid Sir Harry.

"It deſerves it, Sir," ſaid the man: "'tis only the audience who can deſerve it for forgetting that piece of *duty* to it. I am a printer, Sir, and muſt make what I can by my trade: yet I always ſtammer a little as I recommend it to a cuſtomer."

We

We then returned home.

What can be this ſecret of my Lady's ?—She has juſt received a letter: I was alone with her when it was put into her hand;—ſhe opened it immediately. She had ſcarce read four lines when ſhe ſtarted from her ſeat, exclaiming, in an agitated tone—" Good Heavens, is it poſſible! Is he indeed innocent ?"—She then ruſhed out of the room, and retired to her chamber.

Your's, &c.

RACHAEL.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

From Lady Varnish to Mrs. Frail.

DEAR FRAIL,

I HAVE again found my Hilario in my Lord Winlove, and, what is more, he has made me the happiest woman. I have found him faithful and innocent:—we were separated by the cruellest arts of his father and mine. The father of Hilario was informed of our attachment by a letter from mine, which Hilario himself received on the morning of his departure, and, ignorant of its contents, discharged

diſcharged his commiſſion by delivering it into his father's hands.

The contents of my father's letter are explained by a circumſtance which happened to me immediately ſubſequent to the departure of Hilario. Going into my father's ſtudy, my eye was caught by a blotted ſheet of paper, which was evidently the copy of the letter he had ſent. I had the curioſity to take it up, and read this paſſage:—

"Act deciſively, and we cannot fail: the parties muſt be ſeparated. I think it would be better that you ſhould conceal from the young man the information I have given you. Your ſubſequent ſchemes will be leſs liable to his ſuſpicion."

My father here entered the room, and I

was obliged to lay it down haſtily. He walked to the table, took it up, and put it into his pocket. I was ignorant that he had given any letter to Hilario, and the obſcurity of this paſſage prevented my ſuſpicions. Their next ſtep was ſhort:—our mutual letters were intercepted, and by various contrivances every explanatory meeting hindered. A tool of his father's was then thrown in the way of Hilario; he employed him to call at our houſe, and demand an explanation of my long ſilence: the wretch betrayed him. According to his previous inſtructions, he brought back the information that we had left the country. This is an abſtract of my Lord's firſt packet; and here follows a letter I have juſt received from him, and which finiſhes his juſtification.

From

From Lord Winlove to Lady Varnish.

"Oh my Emily, my long-loſt, but at length recovered love! what a plot of iniquity have I juſt diſcovered! I have juſt left the wretch that has been the ſource of all our misfortunes:—this vile lawyer was a baſe tool of my father's, and the inſtrument that has thus ſeparated us.

"But I will endeavour to relate the ſcene. When I got to the fellow's houſe, I was told he was at home, and conducted to a parlour. In a few minutes the wretch made his appearance: I had not ſent up my name, and he did not recollect me. I was aſtoniſhed, however, at the great change that had taken

place in his circumſtances and deportment: the fellow was naturally a moſt mean-looking wretch, and had been only an under clerk in my father's houſe. His ſucceſsful wickedneſs, however, had now equally changed both his circumſtances and his air; his houſe was large, his furniture ſplendid, and his countenance had that air of defiance which ſo frequently attends triumphant villany.

" As the fellow did not know me, I thought it beſt to make my advantage of his ignorance: I did not, therefore, tell him my name, but opened my ſubject in this manner.

'I am informed, Sir, you were acquainted with the family of the late Sir George M——, the father of the preſent Lord Winlove?"

'Yes,

'Yes, Sir,' replied he, 'pretty well acquainted; we were near relations, Sir.'

'Sir!' repeated I with indignation, and with aſtoniſhment at his impudent falſehood.

'Sir!' repeated he again in ſome ſurpriſe.

'I beg your pardon, Sir—I beg your pardon, Mr. Shark—but did I hear you rightly? You ſaid, I think, you were a relation of Sir George M——?' I was determined to ſee how far the fellow's impudence would go.——'May I aſk you what relation, Sir?'

'What relation, Sir?' repeated he.—'Why, Sir, I had two ſiſters, Miſs Fanny Shark and Miſs Hannah;—Sir George married my ſiſter Hannah.'

'That is, Sir,' replied I, 'you are Sir George's brother-in-law.'

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'Sir George's brother!' repeated he;—'yes, yes, you are right—I am Sir George's brother.'

"I could scarcely forbear a smile at the fellow's cursed impudence; but I was determined to put a speedy end to this buffoonery, and therefore continued—

'Well, Sir I have only to acquaint you then, that I have called upon you on business of the first importance. I am the next relation and next heir to my Lord Winlove; he is at present in a situation from which he will scarcely recover. I have heard something about a connection his Lordship formerly had with a young lady, and which is said to have terminated in a secret marriage;—can you give me any information on this subject, Sir?'

"He

" He aſked me if I had heard the young lady's name:—I repeated your's—Miſs Lyttleton. He ſmiled, and addreſſed me.

' You are the next heir, Sir, to my Lord Winlove?—Sir, you owe me more than you imagine.'

' What do you mean, Sir?' added I.

' I mean, Sir, that you will probably be indebted to me for my Lord's title and eſtate: yes, Sir, he would have married Miſs Lyttleton, had I not prevented him.'

' Hey!' replied I, ' then it was you that prevented him from this match?'

' Yes, Sir,' added he, ' you have to thank me for that favour.'

' Have I, villain?' ſaid I, collaring him, for I could no longer reſtrain my paſſion. The fellow ſtared in my face; his terror

opened his eyes, and he immediately recognised the man he had injured.

"I will not trouble you with a description of his terror and confusion; I frightened him into an immediate confession of his villany, compelled him to sign it, and have enclosed it for my full vindication in this letter."

I have given you, my dear, an abstract of this confession in the first part of my letter. He confessed himself Sir George's instrument to separate my Lord Winlove and me, and that he had effected it by the means I there mentioned. He added what my Lord Winlove did not know before—that all the letters his father had shewn him, the letters he mentioned as having received from his partners, were all forged; that Sir George had

had ſome ſuſpicion, even previous to the receipt of my father's letter, that his ſon had ſome ſecret attachment, and would refuſe to marry the lady he propoſed for him; he was the more apprehenſive of this, as the lady was deformed, and had defects both of perſon and mind, which, in the opinion of a young man, might more than overbalance her large fortune:—this had led to this contrivance to work on the mind of his ſon. When he opened my father's letter, his ſuſpicions were confirmed, and he purſued his deſigns in the manner I have related.—My Lord's letter concluded with the following paſſage:—

"And now, my love, my Emily, I have to make one requeſt; let your kindneſs grant it me, and prove to me by your conde-

ſcenſion, that you ſtill conſider me as your huſband;—yes, my love, I am your huſband—your huſband in the ſight of Heaven—your huſband by the ſacred ceremonies of a Catholic Church! Particular laws, ariſing from the narrow policy of particular countries, may not acknowledge, but it is beyond their utmoſt power to annul, the holy contract. I am not without hopes that you ſtill will be reſtored to me, though I do not as yet underſtand my own deſigns. My requeſt is this—appoint ſome place, and grant me an immediate interview; it muſt not be at your own houſe. I wait with the utmoſt impatience for your anſwer.

"WINLOVE."

Such is my Lord's letter. I cannot refuſe his requeſt, and I am now going to write him an

an anſwer, and appoint a place of meeting: but here I am at a loſs by whom to ſend it; I muſt truſt my maid with it at laſt, though I have ſome ſtrong ſuſpicions that ſhe is in my Lord Varniſh's intereſt. I muſt riſk every thing, however: ſo I now conclude, that I may write this anſwer.

Dear Frail,

Your's affectionately, &c.

E. VARNISH.

P. S.—I had forgot to tell you that Rachael and my Lord V—— go on ſtrangely; I can't underſtand, however, what my Lord aims at.

LETTER X.

From my Lord Varniſh to Lord Charles Surface.

DEAR CHARLES,

YOU have requeſted a full explanation of my plans, deſigns, &c. &c. with regard to Miſs Rachael, my Lady's young couſin and *eléve*: I promiſed you this explanation when my plan was more mature; in other words, when ſuch circumſtances ſhould riſe, as would give me a deſign I could not form before. Theſe circumſtances have now happened; I have

have now a plot worthy of myſelf, and behold its full development.

But to begin with a paſſage from your own letter.

"In the name of common ſenſe, my Lord, what is it you mean with regard to this young girl?—You will not ſeduce her, you ſay, and yet you ſeek her affections. You ſay you will not cheat her of her fortune, and yet add in the ſame ſentence, that you mean to have full poſſeſſion of it!—What is the meaning of all this?"

Dunce! dolt!—Faith, I ſhall abuſe you preſently, and bring a challenge on my head!—What is the meaning of all this, you aſk? Why this is the meaning, my Lord!—I mean to poſſeſs myſelf both of her perſon and

fortune, and yet neither cheat nor ſeduce her. —Do you underſtand me now?—Not you! —Why then, in one word, this young *eléve*, this couſin Rachael is to be my *wife!*—"Hey!" you'll exclaim, "what the devil poſſeſſes the fellow! Isn't he married already?"—This is very true, and might be a full anſwer to a rampant butcher: but 'tis the privilege of rank, and I thought you knew it, my Lord, that matrimony is not a rivet that holds till death.

In ſhort, I have now poſſeſſed my preſent wife as long as the faſhion of the *beau-monde* will allow me, and ſhall loſe all my character for ſpirit and intrigue unleſs I can manage to change her. I have had three new coaches to one wife: but if Fortune favours me, as ſhe at preſent ſeems to promiſe, I ſhall ſet up by the next birthday both a new coach and a

new

new wife.—" *Omnia & mutantur & mutari debent!*" is my motto, and is equally applicable to wives as to Court-dreſſes; and thanks to our gallant laws, they allow us to change the one as eaſily as the other.

Have I now explained myſelf ſufficiently? or muſt I add, that I am in hopes of a ſpeedy divorce from my Lady Varniſh? You are well acquainted with my Lord Winlove; the gentleman who has made ſuch an immenſe fortune in India; and, what may make him pointed at as an "*ecce homo!*" a miracle of the times, he is ſaid to have made it *honeſtly!* By what fortune this has happened I cannot tell; the devil is generally pretty active in the India Department; how he came to let my Lord ſlip his hook, and particularly when he has brought away the bait, is more than I can explain.

But this is not much to my purpoſe.—What a blockhead am I at theſe explanations! my Lord H—k—y himſelf can ſcarcely illuſtrate into more obſcurity; and ſhould the Miniſtry get themſelves into a ſcrape—ſhould Mr. T—— call for any more inconvenient explanations, I could help them to a prudent myſtery, and inſtruct them, like the Devil in Milton, to make their eſcape in a miſt:—no bad art of politics, let me tell you, and may fairly lead us to a concluſion, which other circumſtances may tend to confirm, that the Devil was the firſt politician.

But now to my Lord Winlove.—He has had ſome former connection, though I cannot ſay how far carried, with my Lady Varniſh; by ſome means or other they have been ſeparated. The other evening ſhe ſaw him at the Opera, and betrayed her ſecret in her emotion.

emotion. They have been writing to each other the whole day, explaining, as I conjecture, paſt diviſions, and framing future unions. My Lord has at laſt demanded an interview, and my Lady has granted it to him in the following letter; ſhe entruſted it to her own maid. The girl had been my miſtreſs till I was tired of her, and therefore did her duty—betrayed her miſtreſs, and put the letter into my hands!—It is as follows.

"And are you indeed innocent, my Lord—and am I ſtill your Emily? —I can ſcarcely believe the fortune that brings me ſo happy a conviction! You tell me you love me with equal ardour, and that even your long belief that I was unworthy ſuch

ſuch love, has never eraſed me from your heart! Need I return you my aſſurances of equal love?—Oh my Lord! where a woman has once loved, 'tis no time, no injury, that can deſtroy the impreſſion; the paſſion is grafted on her ſtem of life, and it is only with that life that it can end.—You demand an interview!—'tis granted, my Lord, if ſhe can be ſaid to grant, who gives only what ſhe cannot deny: to morrow at two o'clock I ſhall be at my milliner's, Mrs. Etching's, in B—— Street;—you'll meet me there."

Bravo, my Lady Varniſh! You have forgot to invite me, Madam; but I ſhall take the liberty to make up the *trio*.

You

You now see my chance of liberty, and what do you think of it? But do not imagine I mean to interrupt their conversation;—this is not the way I intend to proceed; I shall take a more fashionable way, and one that will better suit my easy temper.

I intended to conclude my letter here; but I must first give vent to a sentiment of gratitude which the present subject gives rise to. Join with me, my Lord; and is there any young man of fashion in the kingdom, who has wit to contrive, and spirit to execute a fashionable cuckoldom, let him also join with me in grateful thanks to that late majority who have so vigorously stood up for the privileges of fashion, and rejected a bill that threatened extermination to all gallantry!—The constitution of the *beau-monde* is as much a free constitution as that of the country itself; *Crim. Con.* is its Magna Charta, and Gallantry its

its Bill of Rights. Again, then, let us hail theſe patriots of the *beau-monde*, theſe vigorous defenders of the privileges of our true Britiſh Conſtitution:—Heavens! my Lord, what would have been the conſequence of ſuch a bill being carried?—Why Newgate would have been thronged with Stars, and *Crim. Con.* and ſhoplifting have been confounded in the ſame bar at the Old Bailey; and, worſe than all this, I muſt have remained contented with my Lady Varniſh!

Adieu!—You ſhall hear how I proceed: I have already broken the ground with Miſs Rachael, and have no reaſon to complain of the manner in which ſhe received my addreſs. My Lady entered the room before ſhe could anſwer me: I have ſince written to her, and expect her anſwer. 'Tis very late, ſo I muſt now conclude.

Your's, &c. &c.

VARNISH.

LETTER. XI.

From Miss Rachael to her Cousin Jenny.

DEAR JANE,

WHEN we returned home from the library, and Sir Harry took leave of us, my Lord and myſelf being left in the room, he took the opportunity to put a letter into my hand, and begged me to read it. At this moment my Lady's maid came into the room, and ſeemed as if ſhe had ſome buſineſs with my Lord. I am much miſtaken if it was not to betray my Lady, who I ſuſpect had

had entruſted her with ſome ſecret letter. I took the opportunity to leave the room, and, retiring to my chamber, peruſed my letter. The contents were theſe.

TO MISS RACHAEL.

"DEAR RACHAEL,

"You may remember the queſtion I put to you at breakfaſt, when my Lady ſuddenly entered the room, and intercepted your anſwer. To recal it to your mind, it was this—'Should any accident cauſe a divorce between my Lady and myſelf, would you accept the hand I ſhould then be free to offer you?'—For Heaven's ſake, ſend me your anſwer to this demand immediately! I am not trifling with you; ths event of to-morrow, perhaps, but certainly that of a few days, will explain my meaning.

meaning. Believe me, my love—for I muſt call you ſo—I love you with the utmoſt tenderneſs; and the ſimplicity of my declaration is no ſmall argument of its ſincerity. I ſhould be more eloquent if I felt leſs. Send me an anſwer as ſoon as poſſible.

" Your's, dear Rachael, truly your's,

" VARNISH."

There, my dear, what do you ſay to this? I have not anſwered it yet, and, to confeſs the truth, I ſcarcely know how. What can my Lord mean by " ſhould any accident cauſe a divorce between my Lady and myſelf?"—What am I to underſtand by " the event of to-morrow perhaps, but certainly that of a few days, will explain my meaning?"—And why not explain it before, my Lord? What hinders you from explaining it yourſelf?

Well,

Well, I ſuppoſe I muſt wait with patience; where conjecture is uſeleſs, it is the labour of thinking to no end. You have aſked me if I love my Lord. As you now know ſomething of the *beau-monde*, and will not judge me by your harſh, crabbed country morality, I care not if I give you a true anſwer—I am afraid I do love him. I find I hate my Lady without any cauſe, and that is a ſtrong proof that I am not indifferent to my Lord.

You tell me, in your laſt letter, that no part of mine pleaſes you more than my leſſons on the *beau-monde*; and that you hope, in a very ſhort time, under ſuch a tutoreſs, to make ſome advances towards being a woman of faſhion. The next paſſage of your letter gives me real pleaſure, for it ſhews that you have made ſome advances,

advances, and that I have not written in vain. You tell me you have already diſmiſſed your country lover, though he has addreſſed you theſe five years, and you were to have been married within a month; this was very well done, and what no woman of faſhion can exceed. You add that you have entirely left off going to Church—this is better ſtill. You further ſay that the whole country is crying out againſt you, that your relations are inclined to diſown you, and your father to diſinherit you—this is beſt of all!—Bravo, my dear!—you have made advances indeed—you have only to advance a little further; and if you eſcape the madhouſe your father threatens you with, you will have advanced to a woman of complete faſhion.

I can only give you a ſhort leſſon this time: I ſhall give it you in the ſame manner

as

as I have given you all the others.—I mean by producing the ſcene itſelf, and leaving it to your own ingenuity to draw my precept as its moral. This is the way I have taught you hitherto.

Well then, I was at a large card-party at the little fat Ducheſs of——'s laſt night. Being rather cold, I declined playing, and ſeated myſelf on a ſofa by the fire. My Lord Varniſh ſoon came and ſeated himſelf by me, and was proceeding to aſk me if I had anſwered the letter he had given me in the morning, when Sir Harry Loveday ſaw us, and immediately joined us. He aſked me if I diſliked cards, that I had refuſed to play.

"I deteſt cards," replied I.

"It is the faſhion to like them," ſaid he.

Is

"Is it?" replied I eagerly; then turning to my Lord—"My Lord," said I, "shall we join the tables?"

"Join the tables!" repeated he; "why I thought you hated the cards?"

"Yes, but I like the fashion," replied I.

At this moment I saw a gentleman at one of the tables in some apparent agitation. His countenance changed several times. He was now pale, now red, and the variations of his countenance spoke the strong emotions of his mind. I observed him for some time in silent surprise, when I touched my Lord's arm, and pointing him out to his observation, demanded whom he was.

"His name is Sir ——."

"And what ails him, my Lord?"

"Ill luck," replied Sir Harry.

"He is a young man," continued my Lord, "and has not been long in poſſeſſion of his fortune. I knew him at College; he was at that time of a rather ſingular character.

Whilſt we were thus converſing, the ſubject of our diſcourſe ſtarted from his chair, and ruſhed impetuouſly out of the room.

"His loſſes are great," ſaid my Lord.

"I ſhould think ſo," added I, "for he ſeems to have loſt his ſenſes."

We were here joined by a gentleman, who informed us that Sir ——, the man about whom we were talking, had ruined himſelf.

"He has loſt upwards of ——. The hiſtory of his life and progreſs in faſhion is ſo complete

complete a picture of his ſpecies, the men of faſhion of the day," ſaid my Lord, "that when we take our ſeats in the carriage, I will relate it."

We now returned to our coach; and, reminding my Lord of his promiſed narrative, he thus began.

The History of a Man of the Mode.

"Sir Robert ——, the father of the preſent Sir ——, was a man of mean birth, mean fortune, and a ſtill meaner ſoul;—being ſucceſsful, however, in his trade, he amaſſed an immenſe wealth. His former meanneſs was now forgotten; he purchaſed a Baronetage, and to give it greater weight, a Borough. His ſervices to the Miniſtry rendered him a favourite at Court; and he now acted that part of ſervility in a more ſplendid ſcene

which he had formerly exhibited in his ſhop. The moſt ſingular trait in his character was a peculiar ſhrewdneſs of remark; and I remember one of his maxims, which is ſtill repeated with praiſe—'Nothing is loſt,' he would ſay, 'in the purchaſe of promotion, by general flattery, the only current coin of Courts: it is buying a commodity with bad money; the ſeller is indeed a dupe, but the buyer as certainly a gainer.'—With this ſpecies of Scotch morality, it is no reaſonable ſubject of ſurpriſe that Sir Robert —— was the favourite of a Court.

"There was ſomething, however, ſtill wanting to Sir Robert. His Baronetage, his ſeat in Parliament, and his Court favour had indeed advanced his conſequence. He had been appointed Chairman of many petty ſocieties; and where the buſineſs was not

of

of too great importance, had appeared in the liſt of a Select Committee. He had ventured to propoſe ſeveral new turnpikes; and, to the aſtoniſhment of his warmeſt friends, once defended the utility of a navigable canal, even in a full houſe. Something, however, was ſtill wanting to inſpire him with greater confidence. His former occupation, in a low and menial trade, was not ſo wholly forgotten, but that the rival candidate of his Borough intereſt would ſometimes recal it to his memory; he was even fearful of giving his ſilent *aye* with too much warmth of geſture, leſt the Oppoſition ſhould level a jeſt at ſo reſpectable an aſſociate of their adverſaries.

" To guard againſt theſe inconveniences, nothing could be fully effectual but to increaſe his conſequence to a point which muſt

awe them to reſpect. He had recourſe to the uſual means—a matrimonial alliance. The Miniſtry procured him a wife to his wiſhes—one who as heartily deſpiſed him as ſhe loved his wealth. Sir Robert, however, according to his own expreſſion, was here even with her; for he hated her perſon as much as he admired her quality. This mutual hatred and mutual attachment, however, are the uſual foundation of a faſhionable union; Sir Robert therefore received the hand of the lady as the patent of a new title. The preſent Sir —— was the only iſſue of this marriage; and became ſo ſtrong a cement, that the ſubſequent affection of Sir Robert and his Lady could only be equalled by their former contempt—an effect of matrimony more uſual than credible.

" Sir Robert was reſolved that his ſon ſhould

ſhould enjoy thoſe advantages of which the narrow circumſtances of his early life had deprived himſelf.—'I tremble,' ſaid Sir Robert, 'when I riſe to propoſe a turnpike; but it ſhall not be ſo with my ſon—he ſhall propoſe a budget without a bluſh. I heſitate when I fix a pariſh-rate; it ſhall not be ſo with my ſon—he ſhall tax a nation with a confidence as unbluſhing as the Premier himſelf; he ſhall ſtand unmoved amidſt contending benches, and command order with the dignity and authority of the Chair himſelf.—Such were the reſolutions of Sir Robert, and ſuch his rule of education for his only ſon and heir.

"Nor was the care of the lady leſs occupied upon the future figure of her ſon. About a year before her union with Sir Robert, ſhe had been addreſſed by a libertine of

faſhion; but as her lover had ſtarted a better fortune, he had not heſitated to deſert his former purſuit, and hunt his new game. He had married this his ſecond miſtreſs but a few months before the lady herſelf accepted the hand of Sir Robert; and it was to reſentment of this infidelity, perhaps, that Sir Robert owed the rapid ſucceſs of his ſolicitation. She had not as yet forgotten this injury, and the firſt wiſh of her heart was revenge upon her faithleſs lover. I relate theſe circumſtances, becauſe they are neceſſary to the narrative, and will furniſh a ſingular example as well of the permanence, as of the long reach and perſevering progreſs of female vengeance. In one word, the a dy was reſolved to employ her ſon as the inſtrument of her revenge upon her lover, and determined to educate him upon a ſyſtem ſuited to this purpoſe.

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'The manly and regular features of my ſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'reſemble thoſe of my lover. His manners and accompliſhments ſhall have the ſame ſimilitude. He ſhall be the ſame ſeductive libertine, have the ſame brilliancy of faſhion, contempt of morals, and gay indifference to every thing which the more vulgar part of his ſpecies eſteem of importance; by this means will he become an effectual inſtrument of my vengeance. The daughters of my lover ſhall be his firſt attempt; he ſhall return upon them the injury I have received from their father; my vengeance may perhaps ſtill be complete. The wife of my perjured lover may be the victim of my ſon's ſeduction.—Glorious vengeance! I will heſitate no longer!'

"Such was the purpoſe of this lady in the education of her ſon; and ſo lively and

durable was her resolution, that she persevered in this system from the earliest years of her son's youth to the final accomplishment of her purpose. Such was the origin of the character of Sir ——; and you will find the harvest has not disappointed the hopes of the cultivators.

"At the proper age he was sent to Westminster School; his father and mother very properly considered this as the *menage* of his future life and character. They did not fail, therefore, to accompany their adieus upon his departure with suitable advice.

'Remember, boy,' said Sir Robert, 'the sole end of your life is promotion, and that of your education the talents to attain it. Be it your's, therefore, to acquire these means of your elevation—a never-blushing confidence

dence and a command of face. Be it your's to obtain that conſtancy of purpoſe, that obſtinacy of reſolution, that the hiſs of the united nation ſhall in vain aſſail your reſolved mind. Remember that worth is but utility with another name.'

"Thus ſpoke the father, nor did the lady addreſs her ſon with leſs earneſtneſs or leſs effect:—ſhe preſented him with a ſplendid edition of Cheſterfield; and with a parting embrace, commanded him, as he valued her parental bleſſing, to ſtudy it, and reſemble its all-accompliſhed author.—'Remember,' ſaid ſhe, 'that the true end of your life is pleaſure, and that fortune and honour are to be ſought but as the means of its attainment. Where is the value of the Ribbon, but that it recommends you with more effect to your miſtreſs?—Where is the value of

wealth, but that it ſupplies you with the ſources of pleaſure? Be it your's, therefore, to unite the talents of pleaſure with thoſe leſs neceſſary qualities of buſineſs—remember the Graces.'

"With ſuch advice was the young Sir —— diſmiſſed to the ſcene of a public ſchool; nor was it long before he began to fulfil the hopes of his parents: his expences were ſo far beyond his allowance, that it became neceſſary to double the original appointment: every poſt brought a complaint of the irregularity and contempt of diſcipline of the young Sir ——. The father began at length to be ſomewhat alarmed; but as the vacation approached, he waited with patience to judge with his own eyes.

"The young Sir —— at length arrived; his

his voice was manly, his air confident, and his deportment haughty. Sir Robert was satisfied.—'This boy will do,' exclaimed he; 'he will not blush at an Income Tax!'

"Sir Robert, upon this reflection, embraced him with new rapture; and as he threw his eyes upon his features, already fancied himself in the presence of a future Premier. Nor did the mother regard him with less interest or less satisfaction: his person was well composed, and his features marked with the characters of manliness; his conversation was not without gaiety; in one word, his whole air was that of a youthful libertine.—His mother could scarcely contain her rapture as she made this observation.

"Having thus run his course through Westminster, he was sent to College for the finish

finiſh and final accompliſhment of his education. His talents, and the happineſs of his nature, were equally conſpicuous upon this as upon his former ſtage; his fame was ſoon ſpread through the Univerſity; and the heart of his mother beat with rapture when ſhe found him to have become a too faſhionable libertine for the ſobriety of Collegiate diſcipline. An allowance liberal to exceſs at once excited and gratified his moſt turbulent paſſions. The gay propenſities of his nature were ſtill further encouraged by the praiſes and example of his companions:—it was true that his irregularities would ſometimes reach the ear of his tutor; but as Sir —— drank claret, the tutor had the prudence to overlook any deficiency in his conduct, in the redundance of his table. The young Sir ——, indeed, would ſometimes conceal a miſtreſs in his chamber; the matter would

would become whiſpered in the Hall, and the tutor would pronounce a public remonſtrance. A tutor, however, is not a *Cato*; though the ſon of Sir Robert, "*dando et largiundo*," appears to emulate a *Cæſar*.

"In this manner was performed the Collegiate courſe of the young Sir ——; and in the ſame manner, with equal ſplendour and equal profit, is performed that of a thouſand others. His mother no ſooner beheld him upon the concluſion of this ſecond act of his education, than ſhe exclaimed in a rapture, that he had exceeded her fondeſt hopes: ſhe even uttered an apoſtrophe to the long-departed ſpirit of the bearded Alfred, by whoſe pious care and munificent protection the Collegiate towers had raiſed their lofty heads.—'Let the blockheads who miſtake the ſpirit of theſe courtly inſtitutions, let them,'

them,' exclaimed she, 'drone away their lives in the pursuit of science; it has been your's, my son, to avail yourself of their real utility: from a constrained attendance upon their Chapels, you have contracted a wise indifference to all religions; from an unconstrained indulgence in every pleasure, you have formed yourself by habit to pursue it as the only end of life!'

"Nor was the satisfaction of his father less than that of the lady herself: as he regarded the *ærea frons*, the haughty air of defiance, and the countenance which was never disgraced by a blush, of this his only son and future hope and representative, he found it equally difficult to contain his paternal satisfaction.—'This boy will do,' said he: 'a Premier himself would not blush to acknowledge him for his own:—what, indeed, may I not

not expect from him!—he may ſuſpend the Habeas Corpus Act, and double a National Debt!'

"Such were the mutual congratulations of Sir Robert and his Lady upon their ſurvey of the qualities of their hopeful heir. The laſt act, however, of faſhionable education ſtill remained, and the ſon of Sir Robert was ſent upon his Grand Tour. But previous to his departure his father and mother had been equally anxious to provide him with proper companions, nor was this anxiety fruitleſs;—they had procured a Scotch tutor, with the morality and happy dexterity which, to do them juſtice, is not uncommon with this claſs of the learned. This gentleman was not without learning; but he had what recommended him with more force, a ſpirit of ſervility and of the moſt courtly compliance: he

he was a declared infidel, and as such, Sir Robert observed, could not fill the head of his son with those prejudices of conscience which might be a check to him in his progress to future dignity—the sole end of all Sir Robert's aim and hopes:—he had been expelled from the Kirk for blasphemy; but blasphemy, as Sir Robert well observed, was no small argument of confidence; and who could deny that confidence was a talent of value to a Minister? He had, moreover, been kicked; but patience, according to the opinion of Sir Robert, was equally ministerial with confidence:—he finished this remark by engaging the tutor at a salary of five hundred a year. Nor did his mother delay to add another member to his travelling suite—this was a French dancing-master: but as this fellow had formerly been a Corporal in one of the regiments of Calais, and deserted

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from it to ſeek a fortune upon the oppoſite ſhore, it was arranged that he ſhould not join our traveller till his entrance into Italy. The young gentleman himſelf added the third, and perhaps moſt neceſſary of all his ſuite—an Italian Opera-dancer. You muſt not, however, ſuppoſe that this was without the knowledge of the good lady, his mother; for, to do juſtice to her tender affection to her ſon, ſhe no ſooner learned this addition to his party, than ſhe prevailed upon his father to add another five hundred to his appointment, for the ſupport of Signora in all due ſplendour. Sir Robert, indeed, was ſomewhat inclined to hold out againſt this new demand; but as the lady happened fortunately to obſerve that intrigue was a miniſterial talent, Sir Robert, without further heſitation, nodded, and ſigned.

"You

" You now, therefore, behold the young Sir —— on his travels in the ſtyle, ſuite, and equipage of an Engliſh gentleman;—a Scotch tutor, an infidel and an apoſtate, a diſciple of Hume, and an *eléve* of Smith—a French dancing-maſter—and an Italian w——! Add to this, an allowance of two thouſand a year, and ſuch a confidence in the blind indulgence of his father, that he would not heſitate, upon occaſion, to draw upon him to one half of the amount of his eſtate; and you have a finiſhed image of the young Sir —— upon his Grand Tour: nor indeed of him alone—*ex uno diſce omnes*; he may ſtand for the whole claſs of his country—our young travelling Nobles.

" The travels of our hero were not without their full fruit and effect; he had indeed too much ſpirit and too much money not to reap the uſual benefits of the Grand Tour. With the

the happy induſtry of the bee, he collected ſomething upon every ground; and with ſo much ardour did he apply himſelf to theſe attainments, that he was ſoon celebrated in every country as one who poſſeſſed, in the higheſt degree, what was conſidered as their *peculiar* vice, and as it were characteriſtic diſgrace. Thus, whilſt in France, he outdid the Court itſelf in a ſtudied inconſiſtency of his performance with his profeſſions: he no ſooner obtained an introduction into a family, than, remembering his favourite and model, Cheſterfield, he cultivated the good graces of the females, and repaid the kindneſs of his hoſt with ſeduction or adultery. An affair of this nature occaſioned a challenge:—our traveller had ſomething of our national courage; he delayed not, therefore, to meet the injured huſband, and, to uſe his own expreſſion, being a tolerable

tolerable markſman, ſhot him through the head! The guilty wife, the cauſe of this rather unlucky adventure, had traced the combatants to the ſpot; ſhe arrived in the moment in which her injured huſband received the ball of his adverſary, and her arms graſped his dying body. The young Sir ——, with his uſual courtly politeneſs, advanced to conduct her to a more pleaſing ſcene; but though the approach was made with all his uſual grace, and according to the ſtrict rules of Cheſterfield, the lady repulſed him with a look of horror, and ſtill further increaſed his aſtoniſhment by a torrent of the moſt paſſionate reproach. She accuſed him of having availed himſelf of one of her unguarded moments—one of her moments of levity and irregular paſſion, and thus betrayed her into this crime againſt her huſband--a huſband whom ſhe loved in the

ſame

ſame degree in which ſhe had ever deſpiſed, and now abhorred his murderer!

"The young Sir —— was aghaſt with aſtoniſhment:—he doubted, however, the ſincerity of this addreſs; and to put it to the proof, again renewed his entreaties. The lady, however, again repelled him; and perceiving a brace of piſtols yet undiſcharged laying upon the ground, ſhe ſeized them, and preſenting one towards the breaſt of her ſeducer—

'But we will not die unrevenged!' exclaimed ſhe, 'nor ſhalt thou ſurvive to triumph!'

"Saying this, ſhe diſcharged the piſtol, and the young Sir —— fell to all appearance dead. The remaining piſtol ſhe preſented, and diſcharged into her own boſom. Its effect,

effect, as may well be ſuppoſed, was immediate: ſhe fell upon the body of her huſband, threw her arms around his neck, and preſſing him to her heart, now in the convulſions of death, breathed her laſt ſigh in his arms!

"You will now, perhaps, enquire what was the ſituation of our traveller, who had fallen to every appearance breathleſs, from the ball of the repentant ſubject of his ſeduction: the ball indeed had entered his body, and the future Premier had never revived to open a budget, had not the happy fate of the nation, or of himſelf, brought his Scotch tutor to the ſpot of combat. This gentleman had too much philoſophy to be extravagantly agitated by any thing: he could not, however, ſurvey the field and the three bodies without ſome emotion both of ſurpriſe and alarm. As he was of that Scotch philoſophy which conſiders

conſiders ſelf-love as the center of all moral motions, his firſt reſolution was to return to his apartments, and leave every thing as he had found it upon his arrival. He had not time, however, to execute this reſolution; for our young traveller happened in this moment to open his eyes, and to recogniſe his friend and tutor. He was immediately conveyed to his lodgings, and his wound was found to be leſs dangerous than was imagined. In a word, the ſtrength of his conſtitution, and, to do him juſtice, the fortitude with which he ſupported a moſt painful operation, at length ſucceeded; and in a few weeks after his confinement, his health was fully reſtored.

"You may think, perhaps, that an affair of a nature ſo fatal might have produced a reformation in his manners and purſuits; but our traveller was too much a man of faſhion

to be long affected by what he considered as an accident of Fortune.—'As to the husband, I shot him fairly,' said he, 'as he would have wished to have shot me:—as to the wife, p—x take her for a fool, she shot herself!—In what have I offended?'

"In this manner did he reconcile himself to the fatal effects of his duel and amour; nor did his tutor hesitate to give his assent to this logic. Our traveller, therefore, was restored to peace as to health.

"From Paris he departed towards Italy, and Rome soon became the scene of his pleasures, and the admiring spectatress of his folly. A daughter of one of the most noble families had taken the vows but a few weeks previous to his arrival; her beauty was the subject of general conversation, and her voluntary

voluntary deſertion from a world whoſe pleaſures ſhe appeared ſo formed to taſte, was equally the ſubject of ſurpriſe and applauſe. Our travellers had undertaken their tour for no other purpoſe than to ſee in every country what was moſt ſingular;—could any thing, therefore, be more natural than their anxiety to behold this female miracle?

"It was thus that the Scotch tutor encouraged the deſire which his pupil expreſſed to gratify this laudable curioſity. This gentleman indeed, like many others of the ſame claſs, was one of the moſt complaiſant of men, and had ſuch a laudable regard to the pleaſures and even the caprices of his young companion, that, whatever might be the profligacy or wickedneſs of any of his propoſals, it was ſufficient for him that it was propoſed; he delayed not to lend his heart and hand to

its accompliſhment:—ſuch was this worthy tutor!

" Our young traveller, therefore, whom I ſhall hereafter call by the name of the *Man of the Mode*, for you muſt acknowledge that he has well merited this appellation, had no ſooner expreſſed his deſire to rally the Nun, than his tutor contrived the means of their firſt interview. In a word, the Man of the Mode ſcaled the walls of the Convent garden, and appeared, to her ſurpriſe and terror, at the feet of the lady: ſhe had the ſpirit, however, to repulſe him with merited diſdain.

" The Man of the Mode was too accuſtomed to theſe firſt defences to be thus diverted from his purſuit: he had recourſe to other means—he bribed her attendants, her

her companions, and even her Confeſſor. By the perfidy of her confidant, he at length concealed himſelf in her dormitory. The Nun had no ſooner retired to her bed, than he appeared upon his knees at her ſide: his tears, his oaths, his tender and paſſionate addreſs at length excited her pity, and ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded not to ſummon the Convent to her aſſiſtance. As the portreſs, however, according to the rules of the houſe, had locked on the outſide the door of the dormitory, it was impoſſible he ſhould retreat: the Nun was therefore contented with commanding him to the fartheſt part of her chamber. The Man of the Mode obeyed: his feelings, however, were too great to be reſtrained; he burſt into tears, and took care that he ſhould not be unheard. The Nun endeavoured to conſole him: in a word, her heart was ſoftened, her vows for-

gotten, and ſhe fell a victim to his ſeduction! The intercourſe continued for ſome months; when, to their mutual terror, the unhappy Nun became pregnant!

"The laws of the Holy See condemn to the moſt cruel death the breach of chaſtity; nor was our traveller himſelf exempt from the ſame penalty. It is impoſſible, therefore, to deſcribe the mutual terror of the parties upon this diſcovery of the conſequences of their amour. There appeared, however, but one means of eſcape—that of flight: upon this, therefore, they mutually reſolved; and it was agreed that it ſhould be put in execution the ſame evening:—the Nun was to be in the gardens of the Convent at an appointed time; her lover was to ſcale the walls, and receiving her in his arms, break open a gate, and depart for England. By this expectation the fears

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of the lady were in some degree softened; and after a repeated flood of tears, as if divining what was to happen, suffered her lover to depart.

"The Man of the Mode had no sooner left the Convent, than he went in search of his tutor, and without further delay informed him of his difficulty, and his proposed method of escape. The gentleman heard him with his usual attention and complaisance, but at length interrupted him.

'Is the lady to accompany us in our flight?' said he.

'Doubtless,' replied the Man of the Mode, and with a look of some astonishment; 'but why that question?'

'Do you still love her?' rejoined the tutor.

" The Man of the Mode replied with a gay negative; adding, that he had ſtarted new game.

' Then the Nun muſt not accompany us,' returned the tutor; ' it will only occaſion a purſuit, from which it will be impoſſible for us to eſcape. Our lives are at ſtake; let us not loſe a moment. If we fly before your crime is known, we ſhall gain ſuch ground, that we may defy them; but if we take the Nun, we are loſt.'

" This argument was deciſive:—horſes were ordered; and the Man of the Mode and his worthy tutor departed, leaving the Nun to her fate!—They arrived at the ſeaport without obſtacle or purſuit.

" You will enquire, perhaps, what was the fate

fate of the Nun. The travellers, as I have ſaid, gained the coaſt without interruption: here, however, they could find no veſſel, and therefore were compelled to wait for their paſſage. This time, as I have heard from the travellers themſelves, paſſed very heavily—from remorſe perhaps?—not at all; but the Opera had been ſuſpended from ſome miſmanagement of its conductors.

"One day, however, they happened to enter a coffee-houſe, and to take up a newſpaper. The firſt paragraph was as follows:—

'They write from Rome that a moſt melancholy occurrence has become the ſubject of converſation and curioſity throughout the Court and city:"—here the name of the Nun was mentioned.—'A daughter of the Houſe of Colonna, and a Nun of the Convent

of St. ——, after some days of insanity, of which no cause is known, had at length disappeared. All efforts to recover her have hitherto been fruitless: it is generally believed she has drowned herself in one of the numerous lakes with which the neighbourhood of the city abounds. The cause of this melancholy event is totally unknown.'

'What can have become of her?' said the Man of the Mode as he read this.

"His companion and tutor had no time to answer this demand; for the attention both of the enquirer and himself was in the same instant called off by a crowd collected opposite to the windows of the tavern: the hoots and laughter of the mob attracted the Man of the Mode and his tutor to the window, to know the subject of their unusual merriment. The first

firſt object which ſaluted their eyes was that of a lunatic, whoſe diſhevelled hair, and wildneſs of look and geſture, excited alternately the tears and involuntary laughter of the ſurrounding mob. She at length turned her eyes towards the window, and the Man of the Mode recogniſed the *Nun!*—The Man of the Mode bluſhed!.

" Seeing, however, that the ſhattered reaſon of his miſtreſs left her no recollection of him, he regained his compoſure, and conſulted with his tutor in what manner to act. It was at length reſolved that the landlord of the houſe ſhould conduct her, as an unknown patient, to the public receptacle of lunatics, and ſhould pay the uſual fee for her admiſſion. This was accordingly executed; and the whole town commended the charity o

the Engliſh gentlemen, who could thus feel and pay for unhappy ſtrangers.

" The Man of the Mode, indeed, was at firſt inclined to inform her relations of her ſituation; but, as the tutor obſerved that this might perhaps enable them to trace their acquaintance with her, and thus might lead to ſome ſuſpicion of what had hitherto ſo wholly eſcaped them, the deſign was laid aſide. A few days afterwards they departed from the city, and returned to England.

" Such was the Man of the Mode upon his entrance on his Grand Tour, and ſuch were the advantages which, in common with many other of his countrymen, he derived from it. With theſe improvements did he return to the expecting arms of his mother. His father

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was no more:—I had forgotten to mention this incident in the period in which it happened—that is to say, whilst our travellers were upon their tour. His mother, however, received him with a transport of maternal affection, and regarded with equal wonder and rapture the indeed visible change in his person and manners.

"Being thus in every respect completed, and by a fashionable education adapted to her long-retained purpose, nothing further remained but to unfold it, and excite him to its immediate execution. She did not long delay this avowal; and the Man of the Mode adopted her revenge, and approved of the means with a piety truly filial:—not a moment was lost; a new equipage was ordered, and upon its completion, the Man of the Mode, without

without further delay, departed for the ſcene of action.

"The faithleſs lover of his mother had married, as we have already mentioned, a woman of no leſs virtue than more brilliant accompliſhment. A daughter was the only fruit of this union; and at the period of this firſt viſit of the Man of the Mode, ſhe had entered her ſeventeenth year. She poſſeſſed the beauty and merit of her mother; her character, however, perhaps from an uninterrupted reſidence in the country, and a fondneſs for books of imagination, had ſomething of a dangerous ſenſibility, and an exceſs of warmth and confidence, which made her a too eaſy victim to the hand which was now preparing for her ſacrifice. Upon this his firſt interview, he could not fail to ſee the foible

foible of his miſtreſs;—upon this foible he built as upon a foundation.

" As he returned home from his viſit, he revolved in his mind the means of ſucceſs.—' Her virtue,' ſaid he, ' to which ſhe is attached with all the paſſionate ardour of her nature, is too well founded to be ſhaken by an immediate attack upon itſelf: there are no means of betraying her, but by making this virtue itſelf the inſtrument of its own ruin; her ſenſibility, her enthuſiaſm, the romance and ſickly delicacy of her mind muſt be in the ſame moment my aim and inſtruments—by theſe I cannot fail.'

" He had no ſooner reſolved upon this plan of conduct, than with a perſevering induſtry, which is not unfrequently found in Men of the Mode in the purſuit of any extraordinary

ordinary miſchief, he followed it without wearineſs or deviation through its minuteſt ſteps. His advantages of travel, and a brilliancy of addreſs, were too ſucceſsful in the attacks upon the heart of the inexperienced girl; her age was that of love—that ſeaſon of life when the ſoul is alive to every impreſſion of tenderneſs. The Man of the Mode, however, was not without thoſe talents of eloquence which enabled him to improve and advance this prejudice. To adapt himſelf more to the foibles of his miſtreſs, and to repreſent in his own that image of excellence with which her favourite Romances had furniſhed the mind of the unſuſpecting girl, he heſitated not to adopt the ſtyle, and even the manners of her moſt adored heroes. In a word, theſe arts had ſo well ſucceeded, that he was loved with a warmth and ſincerity which could only be equalled by his own hypocriſy:

he

he saw his advantage, and resolved, without further delay, to avail himself of what he too justly considered as signs of weakness.

"During all this time he had said nothing of marriage: the equality of their rank and even fortune had, doubtless, rendered this the understood motive of his visits and attention: he had hitherto, however, avoided every mention of this subject;—though the modesty of his mistress would not admit her to appear to notice this silence, the increasing tenderness of her affection could not but feel its cruelty. She would sometimes steal a look of languor, and when his eyes happened to meet her own, would withdraw them with confusion. The Man of the Mode saw his time: the affection of his mistress was now at its full height. He hesitated not, therefore, to fix the day; but upon one of those excuses

excuſes ſo ready to men of intrigue, he inſiſted that the ceremony ſhould be performed privately, and without the knowledge of any one but themſelves. This propoſal appeared extraordinary: he demanded her conſent, however, as a proof of her love and confidence, and ſhe heſitated not to comply.

"The unhappy girl was thus put off her guard. The nuptials were to take place within a fortnight after the day on which it was thus appointed: this time, therefore, appeared to her fixed beyond recal; her love, her confidence were thus raiſed to their full height. Unſuſpicious of any thing, unconſcious of her own weakneſs, and not doubting the intention of her lover, ſhe heſitated not to grant him a private meeting. The Man of the Mode was too verſed in intrigue to ſeek to avail himſelf of this firſt imprudence. A

ſecond

second and a third interview passed without any consequence. Her confidence thus increased; a fourth was demanded, and granted;—it is needless to add that her virtue submitted.

"The Man of the Mode no sooner left the scene of his triumph, than he flew to the arms of his mother, and proclaimed his success.—It is difficult to describe the rapture of her joy upon this conclusion of her revenge.

"The Man of the Mode, to dissolve his connection with the unhappy victim of his seduction with perfect honour, wrote to her father, demanding her in marriage with a portion double to what he knew it was either in his intention or even power to give her:—the proposal was of consequence rejected, and

and the Man of the Mode, with every suitable formality, declined his visits.

"The young lady was for some days astonished at the absence, and still more at the unusual silence of her lover. Perceiving the impression that the young Sir —— had made upon the mind of her daughter, her mother had the prudence to endeavour to conceal this termination. The secret, however, could not long escape.

"It is needless to add what were the emotions of this victim of fashionable seduction upon the full knowledge of her misfortune: it will be sufficient to say that another patient was added to the justly celebrated Dr. W——. Her madness, however, was not without those lucid intervals which are, perhaps,

perhaps, more wretched than the diſeaſe itſelf. In one of thoſe intervals ſhe was ſeized with the pains of childbirth: her ſenſe of the infamy of her ſituation occaſioned the immediate return of a more furious inſanity: her keepers were unable to retain her. With a a convulſive ſtrength ſhe broke from their graſp; and throwing herſelf headlong againſt an oppoſite wall, ſcattered her brains on the floor.—Thus ends the hiſtory of the hitherto courſe of the Man of the Mode.

Your's, &c.

RACHAEL H.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

DEAR JANE,

SOME more leſſons, my dear!—I can ſcarcely tell indeed where they'll end. The *beau-monde* is at leaſt as difficult as our dancing-ſchool; its moments are as involved, its varieties as numerous as any figure-dance we have ever been taught: it is very different from the ſimplicity of the country; Nature is there left as ſhe grows, and men and women are content with being men and women.

The

The perfection and improvement of this man and woman are the object of what we here call Fashion; they are blocks which the art of the *beau-monde* must finish up into men and women of fashion. I have taken you under my hands; I have chiselled off some of your roughnesses—I mean your country prejudices; and I have good hopes of soon bringing you to some tolerable shape. I assure you, my dear, I am delighted with the progress you have made, and which, I believe, I mentioned in my last letter. 'Tis a pleasure to teach where there is such a genius to learn.—Now, then—'Attention!' as the soldiers say.

As we were all at breakfast this morning, Sir Harry as usual with us, a servant entered the room, and giving my Lord a paper, told him that Mr. Stanza waited without.

"A sub-

" A ſubſcription for his curſed poetry, I ſuppoſe," ſaid my Lord. " Plague take the fellow! can't he ſcribble nonſenſe but what I muſt pay him for it?"

" Nay, prithee let's have him in," ſaid Sir Harry. " Patronage is coming into faſhion. If the fellow ſuit me, I'll take him into my ſervice, and give him a coachman's ſalary. Does he flatter well, my Lord?"

" Try him," ſaid my Lord. " Shew the fellow in!"

The man was accordingly introduced; he was a long, lank, lean, lathy looking man in a dirty black coat: I could compare him to nothing but a Parſon's ſtable-boy in the caſt-off coat of his maſter. He made a ridiculous low bow:—Sir Harry looked archly—my Lady bit her lips; and, though now a girl of faſhion, I was not a little inclined to titter.

My Lord treated him with a moſt ludicrous mock gravity; Sir Harry aſſumed a tone of concealed irony—the art I formerly deſcribed under the name of *banter*:—but I here ſaw an uſe of this art which had before eſcaped me; I found it to be an inſtrument of amuſing the company at the expence of another—a happy dexterity, which gave a free vent to impertinence, and yet preſerved a maſk of politeneſs. The perſon who is thus ridiculed is not only ignorant of his being laughed at, but is ſometimes led to imagine that he is really admired. This is one of the moſt happy arts of converſation, and explains another queſtion you have aſked—*i. e.* "What is a wit?"—But the converſation that follows will beſt explain this. Let me remind you, however, leſt you ſhould not diſcover it, that I am now going to give you a witty ſcene, and that Sir

Harry is a wit:—have a care, my dear, you remember this.

Well, the man was ſoon ſeated. Sir Harry then turned round to my Lord, as if continuing an interrupted converſation.—"You are perfectly right, my Lord; genius was never more neglected than it is at preſent: but there is a dignity in true genius that can hold up under this neglect;—what do you think, my Lord?"

"I think with you, Sir Harry," ſaid my Lord, in the ſame tone of ſolemn irony. "Seneca, I think, has ſaid that the fineſt ſight under heaven is a great man in diſtreſs! —A great poet in rags is a ſpectacle of this kind; every hole in his ſtocking entitles him but to more reſpect.—What do you think, Sir?" turning to the poet.

"I think, my Lord," replied the gentleman,

man, and with that kind of enthuſiaſm at a good ſentiment which you country people would call honeſt ſenſibility, "I think, my Lord, that your ſentiments agree with your rank; genius is indeed neglected, but, like a dethroned Monarch, it preſerves its dignity in its rags."

"You are right, Sir," replied Sir Harry; "a great genius in a ragged coat is like a King in a hackney-coach—he is ſtill a King, though he appears in a ſcurvy vehicle."

"And 'tis ſo with genius," added my Lord: "poverty may hide it, but it cannot deſtroy it. For my part, I never ſee a man of genius on foot but what I cry from my carriage—"There goes a greater man than myſelf!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," replied the man, riſing from his ſeat with abruptneſs, and a tear almoſt ſtarting from the enthuſiaſm of

his feelings, "gentlemen, these are noble sentiments, and such as truly become you.—Give me your hand, gentlemen—you are indeed men of rank!"

And here, forgetting in his ardour of benevolence the strict forms of society, he advanced to my Lord and Sir Harry with his hand stretched out. They all stared at him for a moment, and then burst into a laugh they could no longer restrain. The man of genius suddenly started—his colour changed: he then turned quickly on his heel, snatched up his hat, and rushed out of the room, pulling the door after him with the most indignant violence. We again burst out into a loud laugh:—the servants who were in the room followed our example; and some of them running to the street-door, continued looking at him, and laughing at his angry

geſtures as he walked up the ſtreet. He happened to turn his head, and perceived their inſolence; he gave another ſtamp with his foot, and ruſhed out of ſight.

This is a full anſwer to your two queſtions —what I meant by *wit*, and what was the meaning of patronage and encouragement of genius: you now ſee what they both are. Oh! I wiſh we had you with us!—you can ſcarcely conceive how merry this incident has made us. How delightful, my dear, is this *beau monde*—one eternal ſcene of uninterrupted gaiety!

It was now one o'clock in the afternoon, or, as we here call it, in the morning. Sir Harry propoſed a party to Kenſington Gardens; my Lord and myſelf immediately accepted it; my Lady made an excuſe that ſhe

had letters to write: my Lord looked earneſtly, and, as I thought, very meaningly in her face;—my Lady did not obſerve him. There is certainly ſomething contriving. My Lady was evidently agitated; ſhe had an appearance of impatience, and ſeemed to wiſh us out of the way.

Well, the coach was at the door, and Sir Harry led me to it. I ſaw my Lord whiſper a ſervant. I heard the words—"Take a coach, and come to me immediately."

The ſervant demanded—"Immediately when ſhe ſets off, my Lord?"

"Yes, immediately," replied my Lord, in a louder voice. He then got into the coach, and we drove off.

We ſoon arrived at the Gardens;—there was a great concourſe of company. Sir Harry

Harry was very lively; my Lord appeared thoughtful, and as if in expectation of something:—Sir Harry, however, made up for his silence, and gave me some very entertaining anecdotes of the company we saw.—"Do you see that old gentleman, a thin man in blue, and with a star, who sits upon that seat?"

"Yes," replied I.

"And do you see the young lady by the side of him?" added he. "Do you see with how much fondness he treats her?"

"Yes," answered I; "who is she?—his daughter?"

"No, Madam," replied he, "his mistress. He's a Nobleman whose motto is—'*The present hour*;' and to give him his just due, he does his best to make it reward his pains. There is only one thing that vexes him, and this is,

that cruel neceſſity of nature that in ſixty years has made him threeſcore.—But do you ſee that young lady there," continued he,—" that pale lady of faſhion who is walking with her maid?"

" Yes," replied I.

" Well, that lady," added he, " was ſeparated from her huſband but laſt week: it was a match of love on her part; her parents recommended a diſagreeable fellow; ſhe refuſed him, and choſe the preſent for her huſband. About a fortnight ago he came ſuddenly up from the country, and going up to his wife's apartment, forgot the eſtabliſhed etiquette of the *beau-monde*, and entered the room without knocking at the door. You may gueſs his ſurpriſe when he ſaw the lady and her laterejected lover in a very faſhionable ſituation: he begged pardon for his

interruption

interruption, left them together, and retired to dine with his lawyer:—matters are now going on, and a ſpeedy divorce will take place."

Sir Harry had ſcarcely done ſpeaking, when we ſaw a coach drive up, and one of my Lord's ſervants deſcend from it; the fellow came up, and whiſpered my Lord. I was near enough to catch ſome of the words—"My Lady has gone, my Lord: I ſet off immediately that I ſaw her get into a hackney-coach; ſhe had ordered it to drive to Mrs. Etching's, B—— Street."

My Lord immediately left us, pretended buſineſs, and deſired Sir Harry to ſee me home: he left the carriage for me, and returned in the one his ſervant had brought.

We ſoon returned home, but my Lord and Lady were ſtill out. Sir Harry left me at the door, and I retired to my room, and proceeded to write this letter. 'Tis now four o'clock; and no one is yet returned.—Adieu, my dear! Some viſitors have come, and I muſt go down to receive them.

Your's,

RACHAEL H——.

LETTER XII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

Four o'clock, Monday.

DEAR JANE,

MY viſitors have left me, and I have returned to my room. For want of ſomething better to do, I ſhall write you another letter; and you will receive two at once. I have marked with the figure (1) which you are to open firſt; you may otherwiſe be puzzled with the order of the events I mention. I

ſeldom pay any attention to dates; exactneſs in this point would be a proof of memory, and memory is at preſent rather out of faſhion. When I left the country a few weeks ago, with many other country commodities, I brought up a memory and a complexion; in conformity to the faſhion I have now dropped them both. If I am reminded of a promiſe, I give a ſtare of ſurpriſe; or if the perſon is an inferior, and any haſty impulſe has led me to make a proffer of good-nature, I turn on my heel with an inſolent indifference, and declare I know nothing about it.

Farmer F——, one of my uncle's tenants, coming up to town, took it in his head to call on me the other day, and aſked to ſee Miſs, as he called me. The brute!—you may remember this farmer's wife was

my

my nurſe: I was brought up in his houſe; he has often nurſed me on his knee, and almoſt conſidered me as his own child.—Well, he aſked to ſee me. A ſervant came up to me, and told me a man deſired to ſee me:—my Lord, Sir Harry, and my Lady were all in the room. My Lady aſked who the man was. The ſervant anſwered, that he told him he was a country friend of Miſs's, and that he would give him no other anſwer. My Lady laughed, and deſired him to be ſhewn up. I cou'd obſerve a ſneer on the fellow's face as he obeyed, and introduced him.

As ſoon as the poor farmer entered, and ſaw me, his face brightened up into a kind of joy; and without noticing any other of the company, he advanced with eagerneſs, and that familiarity he had always uſed

in

in the country, to ſhake hands with me. I ſtood up, put on a grave formal air, and drew back my hand. The man ſtarted, and coloured.

"Have you any buſineſs with me, honeſt friend?" demanded I.

"Oh Miſs Rachael, Miſs Rachael!" exclaimed the brute, the tears riſing in his eyes, "did I ever think you would treat me in this——"

"I beg your pardon, honeſt friend," ſaid I, interrupting him; "but I am engaged at preſent.—Here John, take this honeſt man down, and give him what refreſhment he may chuſe."

The brute then left the room, and the ſervants tell me he cried heartily when he got into the kitchen.

I have

I have been the more exact in describing this scene, because it has gained me more credit than any thing I have done yet. My Lord and Sir Harry both declared that I was a complete girl of fashion; and that no woman of quality in town could have received him so much in the style of the *beau-monde*. My Lady was absolutely in raptures at my progress under her tuition; and kissing my cheek, declared, that this had given her great hopes of me. You must study it over and over again, my dear Jane. It will improve you as much as any of my other lessons. Without vanity, my dear, I think it no bad specimen of a fashionable reception of an old friend.

It is now five o'clock, and my Lord and Lady are not yet returned. What can possibly detain them? Dinner is ordered at six.

I had

I had laid down my pen, but I have taken it up again, and ſhall write till their return. But there's ſome one at my door—it is Jenny, and with a letter from Sir Harry Loveday—What can this mean?

* * * * *

Good Heavens, my dear, what an event is here! You may remember in one of my late letters I mentioned my being at a card-party, where I remarked with ſome degree of ſurpriſe the extraordinary emotions of Sir ——. You may remember I told you he ruſhed out of the room; and exclaimed as he paſſed us, that he had completely ruined himſelf! Now read this letter I have juſt received from Sir Harry. He was engaged to dine with us; he is prevented, and behold his excuſe.

TO MISS RACHAEL H——.

"MADAM,

"A ſudden circumſtance has juſt happened which prevents me from attending my engagement. You remember the affair of Sir —— at the Ducheſs of ——'s the other night, your enquiries into the cauſe of his agitation, and his abrupt departure from the room. I had ſcarcely left you five minutes, when I was met by one of his ſervants. The fellow was pale, trembling, and too confuſed to ſpeak. He gave me a letter, which I immediately tore open. Theſe were its contents.

TO SIR HARRY LOVEDAY.

"MY DEAR HARRY,

"By the time you receive this, I ſhall be no more! My loſſes of yeſterday

day evening have undone me beyond all repair; and I must fly from the world, to fly from poverty! I have some last requests to make you; your friendship will respect them.

"The first is this. Being on my travels in Italy about two years ago, I married an Italian young lady. The ceremony was performed very privately, and according to the rites of the Catholic Church. This gave me an opportunity of deserting and disowning her. I purchased her a small estate in the village of Clarebrook, within the neighbourhood of my Lord Varnish's seat. Under a false pretence I persuaded her to conceal her union, and retain her maiden name. I then left her, and have never seen her since.

"I now

" I now feel and acknowledge my injuſtice. I have bequeathed her the remains of my perſonal fortune, and left you my executor. Need I recommend her to your protection? Dear Harry, remember ſhe is the wife of your friend—remember he has entruſted her to your friendſhip with his dying breath! You will not be offended at this repeated entreaty; you will not conſider it as ariſing from any ſuſpicion. I know you well, Harry; it is out of your nature to injure her—I have only to fear that you may forget her.

" I have another and laſt requeſt; it is this—that you will vindicate my character with regard to my preſent act of ſuicide. I ſhould regret that it ſhould be conſidered as an act of inſanity. I commit it with cool reaſon and deliberation. I have conſidered it during the laſt night; it is now three o'clock

in

in the afternoon, and I have but juſt reſolved on the act.

" And what are the arguments that are oppoſed againſt it? They are the arguments of Prieſts and orators: the firſt preach it, as a part of their ſyſtem of craft; the latter have arraigned or defended it, as vanity or a preſent intereſt has led them. The orators attack it with figures, the Prieſts with texts; and figures and texts are in my opinion of equal authority. I leave a dirty world, becauſe I am tired of it; I lay down a burden, becauſe I am no longer able to bear it.—' It is deſerting my poſt,' they ſay; ' it is leaving the ſtation I hold in the ſyſtem of life.'—There would be ſome weight in this argument if life were a cockle boat, where, if one man was to drown himſelf, all the labour would fall to the ſhare of the other, and the veſſel

perhaps

perhaps go to the bottom for want of its proper hands. But this is not the caſe with the world—it is too large a machine either to need or miſs the ſervices of an individual. A dozen of us might ſhoot ourſelves every hour, and the world be never the worſe for the caprice. It might loſe perhaps a certain number of fools; but it would move on the day of their death in the ſame manner as on the day preceding.

"But now let us hear the Prieſts—'It is depriving the Deity of his prerogative.'—What prerogative? Why, that of making his creatures miſerable! Shame of their ſtupid impiety! Is this a prerogative for a benevolent being? No, I believe in an almighty, allwiſe, and all-beneficent Being; and I ſhould tremble thus to degrade his divinity, by imputing to him this malice of a malignant

nant demon. It is in the hard neceſſity of things that misfortune ſhould be in the moral, as the deſtructive rage of the elements in the phyſical world. But does he oppoſe the deſigns of Providence who ſhould ſeek a ſhelter from the ſtorm? Certainly not. How then does he oppoſe them who only ſeeks a ſhelter from misfortune?

"Away then with all this cant of prieſthood! They have their revenge, however, in their own hands, and will refuſe me, I ſuppoſe, a Chriſtian's grave. So let them. I ſhall not even bribe them to the wink of connivance. You may bury me in my miſtreſs's garden; but beware of any lies either on my hatchment or tomb. I'll have no '*Reſurgam!*'—Put me beneath my turf, and there let me lie at peace. And now, my dear Harry, once more good night—a long long night!

night! My piſtol is cocked—it is now in my hand; and now—Oh——!"

"Here the letter broke off, Madam. The ſervant told me the cataſtrophe. He was waiting without his maſter's room-door; he ſuddenly heard the report of a piſtol in the chamber; he ſuſpected the cauſe, broke open the door, and ſaw his maſter dead on the floor. The preceding letter lay on the table before him; he had ſhot himſelf ſtanding, and to all appearance immediately on his abrupt concluſion. The ball had paſſed into his heart; he had an unuſual ſerenity of countenance, and, according to the ſervant's ſtrong expreſſion, looked as if he was yet alive, and pleaſed with the work he had done. It muſt be confeſſed that he has died bravely,

bravely, and as became a man of his fashion and spirit.

"I shall make no apologies, Madam, for having transmitted you this letter, as I conceive the subject of it very interesting. You will be kind enough to put it into my Lord's hand. I am now going to the house of my deceased friend.

Madam,

Your humble &c.

HENRY LOVEDAY.

There, my dear, what do you now think of this *beau-monde*. It is the praise of great spirits to rise above vulgar terrors; this is what books profess to teach, and what is called philosophy to inspire; but it is the boast of the *beau-monde* alone that it can practise

practiſe it. It is here that you muſt ſeek for true ſpirit—for that gay and haughty indifference, which they carry even in death itſelf. A death-bed in your ſtupid country is as diſmal as an Old Bailey execution. On the contrary, how graceful is the exit of a man of true faſhion! He takes leave of life with as much eaſe as he takes leave of a ball-room; he ſmiles, makes a bow, and ſlides out of the room. I once admired and almoſt envied the death of a patriot; but I now ſay, and I dare ſay every young lady will join me—give me the death of a man of faſhion.

Another interruption—another letter too!

* * * * *

Pſhaw! from my country lover, Squire Robert, and as diſmal as a Good Friday

ſermon; but he gets angry towards the end of it. Thank Heaven, for this gives me an opportunity to get rid of him! As long as he kept in a whining tone, I was at a ſad loſs how to treat him; but he has now fortunately forgotten this policy, and given me an opening I have long wiſhed for. I ſhall now ſend him a thundering letter, give him a full diſmiſſal, and deſire him to trouble me no more. Should he ſend me any letters, I'll return them unopened. Should he prefer to hang himſelf, I'll ſend for the man of genius I mentioned in one of my laſt letters, and bribe him with a new coat to write him a tolerable elegy. Only acquaint me with this event in time; and you ſhall have it down in your next letter, and preſent it with my compliments to his executors. Seriouſly, my dear, I am glad he has now given me an opportunity to diſmiſs him. He would make

make but a ſad appendage to a woman of faſhion.

Hey!—Yes, my Lord and Lady are come home—I hear the voices on the ſtairs.

Good Heavens! what is the matter? My Lady is in the greateſt agitation. I can write no more.—Adieu!

Your's

RACHAEL H.

LETTER. XIV.

From Lady Varnish to Mrs. Frail.

DEAR FRAIL,

I AM so agitated with terror, that I scarcely know what I write. An accident has happened that threatens the most serious consequences, and Heaven only knows what may be the end of it; but let me endeavour to relate it in order.

I told you that my Lord Winlove had requested an interview, and desired me to fix

fix the place. I wrote him an anſwer, and entruſted it to my maid. The anſwer he received; but, as he to'd me himſelf, it had ſome appearance of having been opened. We attributed it to the curioſity of the girl; and I determined, when I got home, to bribe her ſecrecy. It has appeared, however, that ſhe has betrayed us in a more fatal manner.

The place of meeting was at Mrs. Etching's—the time three o'clock this very afternoon. My Lord attended a party to Kenſington; and as he accepted it in my preſence, I have reaſon to believe it was to throw me off my guard.

As ſoon as he left the houſe, I had a hackney-coach called; and taking my maid with me, drove to Mrs. Etching's. She ſhewed me into a ſmall back parlour, where walking

about the room, and in evident impatient expectation, I beheld my Lord Winlove.

He was immediately on his knees, and received me with the tenderneſs I expected. He proceeded to explain every obſcure part of his former conduct; and having at length ſo fully juſtified himſelf, that I expreſſed a perfect ſatisfaction, he again threw himſelf on his knees.

"And now, my Emily," ſaid he, "as a happy fortune has reſtored us to each other, let nothing again divide us. Anſwer me, my love, do you now acknowledge me as your—huſband?"

"I do, my Lord," replied I.

"Then nothing ſhall divide us!" added he; and then catching me in his arms, "Oh my Emily!" cried he, "this is indeed——"

Here we heard a voice at the door—"Mrs. Etching, I muſt borrow your ſealing wax;"—and the door immediately opening, before I could diſengage myſelf from my Lord's arms, my Lord Varniſh appeared. He affected to ſtart; and then recovering himſelf, and giving a careleſs bow—"I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon—my Lord, I beg your pardon—I fear I am an intruder."

"You certainly are," replied my Lord Winlove; "but you ſee, my Lord," added he, drawing his ſword, "I have come prepared for you. Come, Sir, we muſt fight for this lady; and let her be the prize of the ſurvivor."

"Well, Sir," replied my Lord V. gaily, "I did not come with the intention of fighting; but as you ſeem to wiſh it, and I have a deſire to ſtand well in your opinion, I will

indulge you."—Saying which, he immediately drew, and they proceeded to fight.

I had fainted a ſhort time before, as I had endeavoured to eſcape by the door on my Lord's firſt addreſs; and falling on the outſide, Etching had taken me into another room, and was buſied in recovering me. The gentlemen had locked the door immediately; and after the challenge by my Lord W., and the gay retort and acceptance of it by my Lord Varniſh, which I have mentioned, proceeded inſtantly to fight. I owe this information to one of the milliner's aſſiſtants, who had the curioſity to liſten at the door. As ſoon as the poor girl heard the claſh of ſwords, ſhe gave a loud ſcream; and running out into the ſtreet, collected the paſſengers by her cries. Being told the occaſion of them, they immediately entered the

the houſe, broke open the door, and parted the combatants. A friend of each of them being amongſt this party, one of them took my Lord Varniſh, and another my Lord Winlove under the arm; and thus carrying them off, ſeparated them without much miſchief having happened.

In the meantime I remained in my fit. I recovered, however, juſt as my Lords had left the houſe. For ſome time after my recovery, I was at a loſs how I ſhould proceed. I had at one time almoſt determined to drive to my Lord Winlove's, and throw myſelf entirely under his protection. This deſign, however, I ſoon laid aſide, and ordered a hackney-coach. I remained ſome time converſing with Etching, when a ſervant entered.—"Madam, here's your Ladyſhip's own coach come."—I was not much ſur-

priſed at this civility of my Lord, for ſuch is his gay indifference and happy careleſſneſs, that nothing, I believe, could lead him into any unfaſhionable harſhneſs. He is indeed, to do him but common juſtice, the true man of faſhion: he fights without paſſion, loves without ardour, and carries a ſpirit of apathy and levity in affairs of the moſt ſerious concern.

Well, I got into my coach, and drove home. Here I had another inſtance of my Lord's character. He was at the houſe-door to receive me; he handed me out of the coach, and leading me into the houſe—"I thought you very long, my dear," ſaid he, "and took the liberty to ſend the coach."

"You are very kind, my Lord," replied I, ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at this very eaſy addreſs.

"Nay,

"Nay, prithee, don't anſwer me ſo gravely," added he; and then looking me full in the face—"Faith, my dear, I can't tell what you have done to yourſelf to-day, but you look unuſually handſome—your complexion is wonderfully improved! May I preſume, Madam——" and then, would you believe, my dear, he abſolutely ſaluted my cheek! With this mixture of civility and indirect irony, did he receive me on my return. He appeared at dinner as if nothing had happened.

After dinner he retired to his ſtudy, where he is now writing. I cannot conjecture to whom; but it is certainly ſomething relating to this affair. After I left the dining-room, I withdrew to my dreſſing-room, where I am now writing to you. How will all this end? I wiſh this ſuſpenſe were over. My

Lord Varnish with all his gaiety is very decisive. He will not let the matter rest here. Besides, unless I very much mistake, he has some designs upon my young *elève*; and he may see something in this discovery that may assist his plans there. I wish I knew whom he is writing to.

Your's &c.

E. VARNISH.

LETTER.

LETTER XV.

From Lord Varniſh to Lord Winlove.

MY LORD,

IF your Lordſhip be not engaged, may I requeſt a meeting at St. James's Coffee-houſe to-morrow morning, and at any time your Lordſhip may appoint? I could wiſh you to bring a friend—I mean a lawyer, with you; I'll meet you with my friend—I mean my lawyer. Our buſineſs may then be ſettled to mutual ſatisfaction. My fellow, who brings you this, waits without for an anſwer.

VARNISH.

LETTER XVI.

From Lord Winlove to Lord Varnish.

MY LORD,

I SCARCELY know what to make of your letter. You'll give me leave to observe, though without any pretensions to your Lordship's facetiousness, that a friend is rather an uncommon name for a lawyer. At three o'clock in the afternoon of to-morrow I will meet you as you have appointed.

WINLOVE.

LETTER.

LETTER XVII.

From Sir Hilary to Miſs Rachael.

NIECE RACHAEL,

WHAT is the meaning of all this I hear of you? Farmer Golden, your poor old foſter father, called to pay you a viſit, and you treated him worſe than the new taxes, though they have almoſt driven him into a jail.—" I ſaw the young lions in the Tower," ſays the fellow, " and I was not afraid of them; I ſaw a jackall and a Prime Miniſter, and

and I did not tremble; I ſaw the King's kennel and the Houſe of Commons, and I ſcarcely ſtared;—but I could not ſtand a woman of faſhion!"

Hark'e, wench! what's the meaning of all this?—I ſent you to town that they might make a woman of faſhion of you, and by G— they have faſhioned you to a young devil!—Hark'e, huſſey! mend your manners, or if I catch hold of you, I may break your young rampant bones!

You have now been in town but three months: I gave you three hundred pounds, and you have now the confidence to aſk me for five hundred more, you young devil!—But let us ſee how it is gone;—you ſhall take your own words:—

"It

"It is really aſtoniſhing, uncle, what a continued ſcene of pleaſure, and joy, and life this delightful *beau-monde* is!—Its demands, however, are a little expenſive; I have ſpent the three hundred pounds you gave me, and ſhall take the liberty to draw upon you for five hundred more. I have no doubt, my dear uncle, that you will anſwer my note immediately, and particularly when I tell you that my milliner is really diſtreſſed:—I owe the poor woman ſeventy pounds for my laſt fancy-dreſs; and as ſhe has two daughters at a faſhionable ſchool, and the education of the young ladies is rather expenſive, ſhe is really in much want of the money: you will ſend it me, therefore, by the return of poſt."

Body of me!—Whu!——I can hardly draw breath yet after writing it!—Three hundred pounds already gone! The devil!—

Draw

Draw upon me for five hundred more—the poor woman in want of the money—a new fancy-dreſs—and the young ladies' education rather expenſive!—Whu! whu! whu!—— Hark'e, minx! I ſhall follow this letter up to town to-morrow or the next day, and let me catch hold of you, huſſey—let me catch hold of you, that's all! I have flogged you often when you were down in the country; and though you may now think yourſelf a woman of faſhion, you ſhall ſtill find that I'm your uncle, old Sir Hilary:—I'll pull your ears into pancakes; you ſhall have to roll them up again, not to appear a monſter."

But hark'e, wench!—what do you mean by this *beau-monde?* Is it a new Square, or a new puppet-ſhow, or an Opera—or 'tis a new Play-houſe perhaps?—Where the devil is the manager, the comedy, wickedneſs, and the

pieces

pieces always acted for the benefit of the proprietor?—Whatever it is, I could wish it burned to the ground! It is now three years ago that I saw the Pantheon on fire. I have read of an Emperor who fiddled as his city burned, and I danced to the flames of this theatre. They suspected that I had set it on fire; but I luckily proved that I had only stopped the engines from going to its assistance, and only hindered the fire from being put out. But I'll buy a link, and risk a gallows, to fire this damned *beau-monde!*

There is another thing I do not understand. I asked you in one of my last letters if you did not attend your Church, and here is your answer:—

"There were many prejudices, my dear uncle, I found some difficulty in getting rid of,

of, and this was one of them; but I flatter myſelf I have now ſucceeded. I have not been to Church for theſe three months; and never ſee a Clergyman, provided he's a poor one, but what I laugh at him, and affront him!'

Whu!—Oh that I had you here! Oh that I had you here!—I have a good horſewhip in the room, and, by the Chriſtian bones of my grandmother, you ſhould find me Sir Hilary!—"Flatter myſelf that I have now ſucceeded!"—Oh that I had you here, wench! that's all, that's all!——Whu! I muſt take breath!

I am now a little cooler; but I muſt ſtop a little while here, for here's Squire Robert come to call upon me. I hope you have treated him well at leaſt, and that he has no complaint.

complaint. I mean you to marry him in another month; but I muſt now go to him.

* * * * *

Jezabel!—Whu!——I have juſt left Squire Robert, and he has ſhewn me your letter to him, which he has juſt received — The devil!—to laugh at him, to inſult him, and to diſmiſs him!—The poor lad is blubbering in the garden:—I told him I was writing to you; he has aſked me to let him add ſomething at the bottom of my letter.—"She has declared, Sir Hilary,"—and here the poor lad blubbered—"ſhe has declared ſhe'll open no more letters of mine; ſo that this is the only chance of writing that I have!"—Oh you young vixen! I wiſh I had you

you here ;—but I'll be with you, and I'll not forget my horſewhip !

But here is poor Squire Robert; he is come to claim my promiſe, and to fill up the ſheet: he dines with me to-day, and has promiſed to ſhew me all the letters that have paſſed between you. Whilſt he is writing to you, I ſhall write to my Lady Varniſh, and thank her for her favours and inſtructions to you. But on next Monday, by the holy bleſſing, I ſhall come up to town, and carry you down with me in the country. You ſhall be honeſt to Mr. Robert yet; for no one elſe ſhall be your huſband with my conſent, and I'll break your young bones if you marry without. I'm old Sir Hilary, who never broke his given faith to mortal man or woman, nor ſhall any of my blood diſgrace me.

me. I've a good horſewhip, young Madam: you may think it a coarſe phraſe; but you ſhall feel it—it ſhall give a ſtill coarſer blow. —But Mr. Robert is impatient.

FROM SQUIRE ROBERT TO MISS RACHAEL.

" *Oh Miſs Rachael, Miſs Rachael!*

" That you ſhould ever treat me in this manner!—that you ſhould ever thus laugh at one who ſo truly loves you!—You forbid me to write to you—Oh Miſs Rachael! Miſs Rachael!

" You may remember, Miſs Rachael, when I laſt took leave of you at your uncle's orchard gate—you may remember you took a lock of my hair, and deſired me to accept one

one of your's. You cannot forget the words you then ſaid—I am ſure I never ſhall. I was fearful, you know, Miſs, that a change of place would make a change of affection, and that you would ſoon forget Squire Robert in London. You may remember I ſaid—'Ah! Miſs Rachael, you have ſome regard for me now, becauſe I'm the ſtrongeſt man, and the beſt boxer in the country; but I fear, Miſs,' ſaid I, 'you'll ſoon forget me when you ſee the fineſt man in London. I never knew but three people go out of our pariſh to London; and one of them was hanged for murder, another killed his beſt friend in a duel, and the laſt got a place at Court!'

'Be in no fear, Squire,' ſays you: 'if I was to go a thouſand miles inſtead of a hundred, and be abſent fifty months inſtead of five, I ſhould never forget Squire Robert!—No, Robert, we love each other—our relations

tions are all glad to ſee it, and will marry us to each other as ſoon as I ſhall be old enough.'

'Then you promiſe,' ſaid I, taking your hand, and kiſſing it, 'you promiſe, Miſs Rachael, never to forget me: you promiſe that you will be always faithful, and that nothing ſhall ever make your heart veer to another point. You ſee that weathercock,' added I; 'tis now north, and now ſouth, to-day eaſt, and to-morrow weſt; ſome women,' ſaid I, 'are but too like that; their heart is to-day on a lean man, to-morrow it changes to a fat man; one hour it fixes on a man in a black coat, and in the next it changes to a man in a blue coat. What do you ſay to this, Rachael?' ſaid I; 'will you be like this weathercock?'

'Yes,' ſaid you, 'I will be like this weathercock, but I'll firſt improve upon it.'

" You may remember you then bade me get up the ladder, and drive a nail into the top of this weathercock, ſo that it could never move from the point in which it then was: and when I had thus faſtened it down—

'There now,' ſays you, 'I will be like this weathercock, nailed down to you, and never to move: and if ever I ſhould change, Robert, you may pull the nail out, and ſet the weathercock again going, ſo that whenever I ſee it, I may be made aſhamed of myſelf!'

" You now have changed, Miſs Rachael, and I have obeyed you; I have taken out the nail, and ſet the weathercock going, and, ſtrange to ſay, Miſs, it has ever ſince changed a dozen times in an hour!—Oh Miſs Rachael,

Rachael, Miſs Rachael!—I can ſay nothing elſe but—Oh Miſs Rachael!

"I am, Miſs,

"Your true, though injured lover,

"ROBERT B."

Niece Rachael, I take up my pen again to deſire you to anſwer this letter of Squire Robert's.—Have a care how you provoke me more, huſſey! I have juſt finiſhed my letter to my Lady Varniſh, to thank her for her favours, and ſhall be in town to bring you down in the country with me next week, or at fartheſt the week following: you ſhall then unlearn all that you have learned, and learn all that you have unlearned: you ſhall have Church three times a day, prayers before every meal, and good

advice from the Parſon after it;—you ſhall make puddings, give charity, and cure chilblains. I'll try what can be done to recover your good habits.—And ſo, young Madam, no more at preſent from your uncle, as, with the holy bleſſing, you ſhall ſoon find

HILARY H.

LETTER XVIII.

To Lady Varniſh from Sir Hilary.

MADAM,

I HAVE to return your Ladyſhip my ſincere thanks for your improvement of my niece;

niece; but, with your Ladyſhip's good leave, I mean to put a ſpeedy end to her further advancement: and in good conſcience, Madam, you muſt think her already advanced enough, for on my honeſt faith ſhe has loſt no time under your Ladyſhip's tuition;—her manners are faſhionable, her expences are faſhionable, and her morals are faſhionable!—ſhe forgets her friends, inſults her relations, and in fancy-dreſſes is fancying herſelf out of her fortune! Her milliner, it ſeems, "is really diſtreſſed—the education of her daughters, the young ladies, rather expenſive—and I have taken the liberty, my dear uncle, to draw on you for five hundred pounds!"

This is all very faſhionable, Madam; but 'tis a faſhion I ſhall put a ſtop to. I may expect a letter, I ſuppoſe, from your Ladyſhip, containing a gay defence of theſe levities;

but I muſt beg to remind you, Madam, that I do not underſtand raillery, and can never laugh at want of principle, though the defect may be defended by all your Ladyſhip's wit: —vice is vice, Madam, though your *beau-monde* may change its name as it pleaſes. I am an obſtinate old fellow, Madam; I have nothing but mother's wit, and therefore call every thing by its proper title. You'll tell me that my niece is a woman of faſhion; but I'll repeat to your Ladyſhip what I have told herſelf, that you have faſhioned her amongſt you to a young devil!—But I hope, with the holy bleſſing, to drive the imp out of her; and by virtue of ſome country diſcipline, good advice and a yard of cane, recover her from her faſhionable improvement to her former honeſty and ſimplicity.

I again

I again return your Ladyſhip my ſincere thanks for your trouble and pains; but that you may better underſtand my gratitude, I think I will here ſum up my obligations. I ſent you, as I have told you in my letter that introduced her, a plain-ſpeaking, plain-thinking, and plain-dreſſing girl;—you have improved her into a woman of faſhion—in other words, Madam, into a double-ſpeaking, bantering, rallying, gay profligate!—As to her plain-thinking, ſhe has now changed it into free-thinking; and, as ſhe tells me in her own letter (Oh that I had her here!) ſhe now never ſees a Clergyman but to laugh at him—and this too when her father was himſelf a Clergyman till he ſucceeded his elder brother!—And, laſtly, Madam, as to her plain-dreſſing, her milliner is really diſtreſſed, and ſhe draws on me for five hundred pounds to pay for the "young

ladies' rather expenſive education!"—— Whu!

This is not raillery, Madam; for I repeat again that I do not underſtand it. I ſhall come up to town next week to attend my duty in Parliament. With every thank for your trouble, I ſhall then remove my niece to my own houſe.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient kinſman and ſervant,

HILARY H——.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

From Cousin Jenny's Father to Miss Rachael H——.

MADAM,

I HAVE to requeſt, Miſs Rachael, that you will write no more letters to my daughter Jenny. The conduct of this young wretch has been of late ſo extraordinary, that I have been ſome time in doubt whether her head was turned: ſhe has inſulted my authority, and, having unfortunately an independent fortune from her uncle, ſets me almoſt at

defiance. I have given her, however, ſome country diſcipline; I have further confined her to her room on bread and water, and have now ſome hopes of her recovery.

She has rejected her lover after an addreſs of three years, and when ſhe had already fixed the day to give him her hand! She wondered ſeveral times at her mother's rudeneſs, and declared her grandmother "a moſt abominable bore!" She has driven every neighbour from my houſe by calling them country brutes; and her mother, as I find from one of her letters, "is a plain good woman enough, but ſhe muſt not think to rule me."

I was for ſome time at a loſs to what to attribute this. One of your letters has at length fallen into my hands, and I now underſtand

underſtand the myſtery:—I deſire, Madam, that you write to her no more!

And now, Madam, as an old country gentleman, and a friend of your late father as well as of your uncle, Sir Hilary, permit me to mention another circumſtance, and give you ſome honeſt advice. In this letter of your's to my daughter, which I have mentioned above as having fallen into my hands, there is one paſſage which I confeſs aſtoniſhes me:—it appears you are the friend, and under the protection of my Lady Varniſh, and yet you have encouraged the addreſs of my Lord!—Miſs Rachael, I will ſpeak my true ſentiments; you are proceeding to unite the blackeſt perfidy with the baſeſt profligacy!—Have a care, Madam! I will write out for your uſe a ſhort and ſimple, but a ſtrong and ſtriking precept, at leaſt ſo we in the country think it—

"Thou ſhalt not commit a——."

Your

Your letter is at preſent in my hands; I have that regard for your family, that I ſhall watch your conduct. If I ſee any further advance in this intrigue, I ſhall ſend the letter to your uncle.——Hey! another of your letters has juſt been brought to me!

Heavens, is it poſſible!—You here confeſs your regard, and have begun a correſpondence with my Lord! I muſt now then do the deed I intended to delay.

There, Madam, I have juſt ſent your letter to Sir Hilary by my own ſervant.

Your true friend,

And though a country brute, an honeſt man,

WILLIAM WORTHY.

LETTER

LETTER. XX.

From my Lord Varnish to Lord Charles Surface.

DEAR SURFACE,

CONGRATULATE me, Charles, or at leaſt prepare to congratulate me, for my buſineſs is now nearly done;—my priſon-door is already opening, liberty entering, and matrimony and my Lady Varniſh departing!

But come, if I can command my *volante* pen,

pen, you ſhall have every thing in order:—*à-propos* of order, to take the firſt opportunity of breaking through it, I made my maiden ſpeech yeſterday; and let me aſſure you, man, though ſome dry fellows laughed at it, I came off on the whole with high credit. It is true, indeed, that I knew nothing of the ſubject I ſpoke upon; but I ſpoke for two hours, and that gained me more credit: once or twice I got a little too rampant, and the oppoſite party cried out, "Order!" pretty vigorouſly; but as I happened to be on the right ſide, we ſoon ſilenced the rebels, and I ſpoke on, I ſhould rather ſay off, my ſubject for another hour. But I hear the damned printers have got me in their newſpapers: plague take them, I ſay, that a man can't amuſe himſelf by playing the fool, but that they muſt tell it through the whole kingdom!—When I ſpeak again, I'll have the galleries

galleries cleared—they are ſo many reſtraints on the freedom of debate: or I'll rather imitate my Lord ——'s policy—he ſpeaks nonſenſe, but he has the prudence to ſpeak it in Greek.

But now to the ſubject of my letter.—I told you in my laſt, of the letters that had paſſed between my Lord Winlove and myſelf, though, by the way, it is impoſſible they ſhould have reached you yet. Here's the ſum of it then: I challenged my Lord to meet me at St. James's Coffee-houſe, and to appoint his own time. He accepted my challenge, and appointed three o'clock this afternoon:—but don't miſtake me here—I did not challenge him with ſword and piſtols, but with lawyers—a new kind of weapons, Charles, but perhaps much more d—n—ble than thoſe already in uſe.

But

But a curſe take this dull regularity of narration! Suppoſe us already arrived—my Lord W. with his rogue—I mean his lawyer, and I with mine:—We now take our ſeats, and begin.

"You ſee, my Lord," ſays W.—(I ſhall call him ſo for ſhortneſs, and ſince I am only writing to you)—"you ſee, my Lord, I've attended your appointment; and here is a friend of the deſcription you deſired."

"That is a rogue, my Lord," replied I.

"Sir!" ſaid he, ſtaring.

"Yes, my Lord," added I; "the truth is, the buſineſs we meet upon requires ſome management, and the managers muſt not be too delicate in matters of conſcience. The gentleman that ſtands by me, to ſpeak in plain terms, and in his own preſence, is a moſt confounded rogue, and I have choſen him for this talent:

talent: ſo now, my Lord, if your friend be of a different deſcription, our weapons are unequal, and I ſhall have an unfair advantage."

My Lord, though naturally of a grave caſt, condeſcended to ſmile; and continuing in the tone I had thus given him—

"You deal with honour, Sir," replied he; "but I believe our weapons are pretty nearly equal, if equality of roguery conſtitute their equality of ſtrength. But let the gentleman anſwer for himſelf;"—and then turning to him —"You hear, Sir, what my Lord ſays; you hear the talent that is neceſſary to engage in this affair."

"And the talent that is *not* neceſſary, Sir," added I. "In plain word, Sir, we want a man with a good ſwallowing conſcience; no narrow-

narrow-necked one, but one that will gulp down a good round villany.—Now, Sir, what ſay you?"

"Sir," replied he, "I ſay that I am a lawyer."

"Comprehenſive enough!" added I.

I have given you our converſation ſo far, becauſe I thought it would amuſe you; but the remainder of it had little that was peculiar, and is worth the labour of repeating. My Lord W. is of a grave caſt of character, and to do him juſtice, his gravity is not without dignity:—but every one to their turn; my Lord's gravity would but ill ſuit with me, and my *badinage* would be ſtill more unnatural in him. If men are ever ridiculous, 'tis when they run counter to their nature, and neglecting their own peculiar talent, and ſuch a peculiar talent there are few but poſſeſs, endeavour

endeavour to ſhine in one they have no pretenſions to. Who can ſee Mr. —— endeavouring to be a wit, and neglecting to be an orator, without ridicule and pity—ridicule for the affectation of the talent he has not, and pity for his neglect of the talent he really has;—but *dente petit bos*—vanity delights in perverſions, and Mr. —— will jeſt on.

A plague take my digreſſions!—My letter is almoſt as bad as my maiden ſpeech. I ſat down to give you an account of our meeting, and I have ſcarcely ſaid a word on the ſubject; and now I muſt give it in abridgment, for I have tired myſelf—the coach is at the door, my Lady dreſſed, and the time of action commencing.

In one word then, my Lord and myſelf have entered into the following agreement:—

"That

"That the preſent Lady Varniſh ſhall be immediately delivered into the hands of my Lord Winlove; that the needful ſteps ſhall be taken to procure a divorce, and that my Lord W. ſhall take care to furniſh the ſufficient circumſtances for that event:—and whatever damages the Court may give againſt my Lord W. my Lord V. ſigns this honorary obligation to remit or refund."

This is the ſubſtance of the contract between my Lord and myſelf: the condition with regard to the refunding of the damages, which is by far the moſt ſerious part, as our rank will make them unuſually heavy, was ſo managed by the dexterous roguery of the lawyers, by bonds and counterbounds, as not to be voided as illegal, on the principle of an apparent connivance. You complained of my rapture in a late letter upon the loſs of a late

late Bill:—what would have been my situation, and that of many other as honeſt fellows who are equally tired of their wives, had this been carried?—Confeſs now that my rapture was not without reaſon.

A few words more, and I conclude. The execution of the above contract is to be this very evening. My Lady is engaged to a rout at the little fat Dowager's;—my Lord Winlove's coach is to be in waiting—my Lady V. gets into it, and my Lord drives home:—every thing happens that is neceſſary, and the law is to be ſatisfied. In reward for ſuch ſatisfaction, it will grant the wiſhed-for divorce—Lady V. becomes Lady W. and Miſs Rachael paſſes into my Lady V.!—Now who ſays our laws are not the moſt gallant and indulgent laws in the univerſe?—They make the contract of matrimony a kind of

note

note of hand; the parties concerned have only to tear it in two, and there's an end of the obligation.

Adieu!—The coach is at the door, and my Lady waiting; I muſt go and embrace her, for this is the laſt time I ſhall ſee her.—On my conſcience, Charles, there's ſomething wonderful in this word "*laſt*;"—for though this ſeparation is all my own work, I repeat it with a kind of half ſigh: and ſuch is my inconſiſtency, that I almoſt repent my late contract, and could be content to keep my wife ſtill. She is certainly a moſt elegant woman;—and I'll tell you a ſecret, Charles—had I really poſſeſſed her heart, ſhe would have had mine, and the world ſhould not have parted us.—But it muſt be; ſhe muſt become Lady W. and I muſt marry my young heireſs.—So now for it.

VARNISH.

LETTER XXI.

From Miſs Rachael to her Couſin Jenny.

DEAR JANE,

I AM frightened out of my wits!—I am juſt returned from a rout, where I attended my Lady Varniſh: ſhe ſlipped out of the card-rooms, and is now miſſing!—My Lord is not yet returned home.

Here are two letters for me now on my dreſſing-table; I have not time, and am too much agitated to read them;—but I'll open

open them, and tell you who they are from.

Oh Lud! one is from Sir Hilary, and one from your father. I have not time to read either, though I am ſomewhat curious to ſee what your father can have to ſay to me.

A knock at the ſtreet-door!—'Tis my Lord returned. But here is ſome one at my own door;—'tis Jenny, with a letter from my Lady, which ſhe deſired to be given to me as I went to bed.—I muſt open it.—— Good night, for I ſhall have no time to inform you of the contents at preſent.

RACHAEL H.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

From Lady Varnish to Mrs. Frail.

DEAR FRAIL,

THE newspapers have by this time informed you of my elopement;—in things of this nature their notice is almost as quick as that of our own conscience. I have now left my Lord three days, and my husband and myself (I shall call him husband, for such he really is), are now on our way to Dover, to embark for the Continent: we are going to visit the northern Courts, and mean to remain

abroad till the ſcandal of our preſent affair ſhall have blown over.

It will not ſurpriſe you, my dear, who are ſo well acquainted with my Lord Varniſh's character, to inform you that he took a really tender leave of me. Before I left his houſe, and whilſt our coach was at the door, he came up to my dreſſing-room, and puſhing my maid out of the door, ſaluted me, and gave me a tender embrace.

"Dear Emily," ſaid he, "we now, my dear, part for ever!—Had I ever poſſeſſed your heart, or could I ever even hope to poſſeſs it, the world ſhould not induce me to part with you!—I may be careleſs and unthinking, but believe me, my dear, I do not want feeling."

You

You will ſcarcely believe me when I tell you that the tears were in his eyes as he ſpoke this: his tenderneſs had an effect upon me, and I really wept.

At this time the maid came to our door to tell us that the coach was ready. My Lord again embraced and ſaluted me, and I almoſt involuntarily returned it. An odd ſpectacle, my dear—two people in tears in each other's arms, who were going ſo ſoon to ſeparate by mutual conſent!—It would ſeem contradictory to thoſe who did not know the heart: I ſhall not argue upon it—I ſhall only ſay that it was ſo.

I did not forget Rachael as I left my Lord's. She is really an intereſting girl: and whether my heart was ſoftened by the conſideration that I was about to leave her, or

that I really loved the girl, I called her into my dreſſing-room before I left the houſe, and embraced her very tenderly; I could not even help burſting into tears. I claſped her ſtill cloſer to my boſom, and almoſt frightened the poor girl by my emotions;—ſhe was conſiderably moved herſelf, and returned my embraces with equal tenderneſs. How ſtrange is the heart which has true feeling! I am convinced, my dear, by this alone that I have this feeling; and though my long habits of careleſſneſs and faſhionable indifference may have repreſſed it, yet have they never extinguiſhed it. I wrote a letter to Rachael as I left her;—its contents were as follow:—

"MY

" MY DEAR GIRL,

" When I embraced you to-day with ſo much emotion, you could not account for my unuſual feelings, and your pale cheek ſufficiently told me that you were frightened at their violence. I was pleaſed, my dear, with your tenderneſs in returning my fondneſs: your eaſy temper, your careleſs gaiety, and a heart of ſimple but ſincere affection, to me at leaſt, have made me love you as my own child, and I was gratified to find you ſo affectionate in return. You ſhall ſee, my dear, that if I have left you, I have not forgotten you.

" As my Lord's houſe is now without a miſtreſs, it will not be right that you ſhould remain in it. You will not like to return to your uncle's: I have managed this affair for you. I have a ſiſter in G—— Street,

Mrs. S——, to whom I have ſent a letter, and who will call for you to-morrow morning: you will remain with her till your marriage with my Lord V. Don't be ſurpriſed, my dear, that I ſhould know this affair: I have not been blind to my Lord's wiſhes.

"Dear girl, a long, long adieu!—Remember me ſometimes, for believe me I ſhall not forget you. I ſhould be ſorry that you ſhould bluſh to own me. I have one ſecret, therefore, to tell you—I am married to my Lord Winlove.—I can accuſe myſelf of nothing!——Once more, my dear, I bid you adieu!

"Dear Rachael,

"Your affectionate and ſincere friend,

"E. WINLOVE."

LETTER XIII.

From Miss Rachael to her Cousin Jenny.

G—— Street, London.

DEAR JANE,

AFTER the late prohibition I have received from your father, in a very rude and saucy letter, I am in some doubt whether this letter may reach your hands. I will not therefore send it immediately, but consider within myself on some means to elude the Cerberus.—Cerberus, my dear, as a wit told me the other day, is the Devil's yard-dog;

and as your father has now become your gaoler, and confined you, as he tells me, on bread and water, and means to keep himself the door of your apartment, we'll affix to him this nickname. So remember, my dear, whenever you mention your father again, let him be mentioned by the nickname of Cerberus. But I will not venture this letter at present; I shall keep it by me some time, and put down any events that may happen, in the way of a journal.

The events of last week were very numerous and rapid indeed. In the first place, I received an angry letter from my uncle, which I read half through, and then threw it in the fire for its rudeness. These country gentlemen, if they happen to be one's relations, are intolerable: they think their relationship a privilege for every impertinence; and

and becauſe they may happen to bear the names of uncles or fathers, imagine we muſt put up with their rudeneſs, and endure with patience their odious ruſticities. You can ſcarcely imagine, my dear, what a letter my uncle and your father have ſent me.

I am now at Mrs. S——'s, my Lady Varniſh's—I mean my Lady Winlove's ſiſter's. She called for me the morning after my Lady's elopement. My Lord viſits me every day; and we are to be married as ſoon as he can get a divorce. The lawyers are hurrying, as they ſay, themſelves;—what ails them I do not know; but if they call their pace hurry, I ſhould like to know what is their natural ſtep. They all move as if they had got the gout; and Heaven knows when I ſhall be married!

* * * * *

It is all over, my dear! The divorce is granted; and as the long time we have been trying for it, has given us the opportunity to prepare every thing, we are to be married to-morrow morning. I ſhall write a letter to my uncle Sir Hilary, to aſk his conſent; but I ſhall be married before he can get the letter. I ſhall then beg his pardon, lay the fault on the careleſs poſt, and promiſe future duty and good behaviour. Bleſs, me what a rap at the door! It muſt either be a Duke, or a man in a paſſion. I'll run to the window and ſee!

* * * * *

Oh couſin Jane, I have been frightened out of my wits! I have been compelled to run from the houſe, ſtay away all day, and am only now returned. I told you of the knock at the door, and that I ran to the window

window to see who it was. It was Sir Hilary, my uncle himself, and Squire Robert, my poor discarded lover. As I came to the window, they looked up, and my face immediately met their's: I saw my uncle change colour; he shook his cane very angrily at me, and I believe called me names. I ran as fast as I could to the stair's head, and desired the servant to say I was not at home. Well, my dear, the door was now opened; and Sir Hilary and Mr. Robert entering, desired the servant to call me down. The servant assured them I was not at home.

"Why, you lying rascal!" said Sir Hilary, in a great passion, "I saw her at the window!"

The servant still assured him I was gone out.

"Gone out, fellow! Who told you ſo?" added Sir Hilary in a ſtill greater rage.

"Miſs herſelf, Sir," anſwered the ſervant, rather unguardedly, and ſcarcely knowing what he ſaid. Sir Hilary miſtook this anſwer for a jeer of the fellow, and immediately ſtruck him down; and deſiring Squire Robert to follow him, and threatening to unkennel the young devil (thoſe were his words) wherever ſhe was, began to aſcend the ſtairs. I was frightened out of my wits, and ſaw it was time to run; I got down by a pair of back ſtairs, and immediately drove to the houſe of a young lady, a friend of mine. Sir Hilary and Squire Robert ſearched the whole houſe for me; but had nothing for their pains but the ſight of the empty apartments. The ſervants tell me they left the houſe in a great paſſion.

You

You muſt not be ſurpriſed that my letter ſhould be ſo unuſually long:—it is the laſt you will receive from me in my preſent name; and I ſhall be too much occupied in paying and receiving viſits, to have any leiſure for ſome weeks after our nuptials.

There is nothing, as I have often ſaid, a greater enemy to people of faſhion than time; there is nothing, therefore, by which they are ſo put to their ingenuity, as to diſpoſe of that part of it which is not required by the uſual calls of pleaſure. Every thing is welcome, and even ſeized with rapture which contributes to this end; but there is nothing more acceptable than the marriages or deaths of ſome of their beſt friends. I will copy out a liſt of the engagements of a lady of faſhion for the enſuing week; ſhe

ſent

ſent it to me as an excuſe for not paying me a viſit I had a right to expect.

"*Monday*.—Some China to be ſold at Chriſtie's Rooms; promiſed Lady Bab to accompany her, and if a fair ſum be not bid, to buy it in. Lady Bab ſays it belongs to a French woman whom ſhe patronizes. I ſuſpect this to be falſe, and that it is Lady Bab's own. I know ſhe wants money to pay me what ſhe loſt: I will not buy it in, therefore, but hurry to another part of the room when I find it going.—Return from the auction about four, call on Lady Celeſtine, and drive to Hookham's till ſix; dine with Mrs. Oddly—go with my Lord and a party to the new play.

"*Tueſday*.—Flippant tells me Mrs. Laſtout's huſband has been dead theſe three weeks;

weeks; muſt call on her to conſole her. Know her to be a great hypocrite, and that ſhe had Dr. Balſam's word, when ſhe married him, that he could not get over the fall. She has already promiſed herſelf to Colonel Tivy, who doubts the repreſentation ſhe has made of what her huſband has left her; and is therefore gone this morning to Doctors Commons to look at the probat of his will.—See company at home to-day.—Mr. Loller promiſed to read me the epilogue he has written for the *Pic Nic* Theatre.

" *Wedneſday.*—To pay a viſit to Mrs. Homeſpun, and enquire after her little boy, who has had the meaſles—am not ſure that it did not die laſt week——*Mem.*—to enquire of her milliner;—if the child be alive, to ſay I could not ſtay away from anxiety—if dead, to employ it as an excuſe for having ſtaid

away so long.——*Mem.*—To be prepared for either event, must not forget to take a cambric handkerchief, and a new recipe for the measles;—to drive to Mr. Loller's, and pay him my *Pic Nic* additional subscription.—N. B.—To study my part in the carriage, and shall leave out all I don't think wit—that is, all I don't understand.——N. B.—Shall sleep with my husband to-night—Resolved, that my next child shall be called Lauretta.

"*Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.*—Shall keep my room with a feigned illness, and shall not recover till my Lord orders a new carriage, or presents me with a necklace I admired at Wigley's.

"*Sunday.*—The General Fast;—am resolved to be bled."

There, cousin, what do you think of fashionable

fashionable life? Not a moment unemployed, yet ever complaining that we have nothing to do. Time, notwithstanding all its celerity, passes very slowly to them whose whole business it is to watch its motion; and although people rail against those who furnish out luxuries, and contrive new sources of entertainment, they do it with as little good-nature as justice. Let them consider that money and time are the two heaviest weights upon our hands; and that those who contribute to ease us of the one, and provide that the other should pass pleasingly, are to be ranked amongst public benefactors. I have somewhere read of a person—a philosopher I think he was called—who considered time as his estate; and in one sense of the word it is indeed as good as an estate, for there is no other pleasure than in spending it as fast as we can.

I am

I am interrupted by viſitors; but I ſhall not ſend this letter till their departure. My ſpirits are too much raiſed to ſink into ſlumber; I ſhall ſit up, therefore, the whole night, and have nothing to employ myſelf but in writing to you.—But adieu for the preſent!

* * * * *

My viſitors were my Lord and Sir Harry. The latter had ſuch an appearance of chagrin, ſo inconſiſtent with his former gaiety, that he excited the curioſity both of my Lord and myſelf. After ſome previous raillery, the faſhionable method of introducing an impertinent curioſity, we demanded the cauſe.

"Has Monimia proved herſelf true to her ſex?" ſaid my Lord.

To underſtand this addreſs, I ſhould relate that Sir Harry has been long under an engagement

engagement to a lady of more beauty than fortune; and that, what would be little expected from the general levity of his nature, his paſſion has been equally ardent and ſincere. You will enquire, perhaps, what has been the obſtacle to their union. You will hear, not without ſurpriſe, that there is no other impediment to their mutual wiſhes than Sir Harry's deſire to maintain his character of a faſhionable libertine. He would loſe this reputation if he married, and he has thus preferred his vanity to his love. The young lady to whom, with a ſpecies of faſhionable rudeneſs, they have given the name of Monimia, has thus continued in that ſtate of uneaſy ſuſpenſe and painful anxiety which has at length terminated in the ruin of her health. She is at this moment at the Hot-Wells, and is not expected to ſurvive the ſeaſon uſually ſo fatal to conſumptions.

Such

Such are the circumſtances of Sir Harry's amour.

I demanded of him if he had received any diſagreeable intelligence with regard to the health of his miſtreſs. He made no other reply than by putting a letter into the hands of my Lord, and turning to me, thus addreſſed me.

"I have this moment received a letter from my ſteward, informing me that I am threatened with the ſale of my eſtate unleſs I can pay off the incumbent mortgage. I have only one mean of making this payment—that of an immediate marriage."

"And why do you heſitate?" ſaid my Lord. "You love your Monimia, I believe; beſides, if ſhe is ſo far advanced in her con-

ſumption,

ſumption, your loſs of liberty will not be of long duration: your chains will ſnap almoſt in the ſame moment in which they are rivetted. Why do you heſitate, Sir Harry?"

"I will tell you," replied he. "In the firſt place, you are under a miſtake, my Lord: I do not heſitate to marry, for as I am, I muſt either loſe my eſtate, or take a wife. I have no difficulty to make a choice; but Monimia, as you are pleaſed to call her, is not the object."

My Lord and myſelf were equally ſurpriſed at this declaration; but requeſted him to explain. He continued in theſe words.

"Monimia, as your Lordſhip may remember, has no fortune; ſhe cannot therefore anſwer my purpoſe. I am compelled to take an object leſs to my wiſhes. In a word, the

the preſent mortgagee, the one who menaces me with the ſale of my eſtate, unleſs the whole ſum is diſcharged, is a widow; and I have every reaſon to believe that ſhe will accept my hand as the diſcharge of her debt. I have reſolved, however, to make the attempt; but I know not in what manner to eſcape with honour from my engagement to Monimia, whom, in deſpite of myſelf, I ſtill love."

"Suppoſe you wait for her death?" ſaid I.

"It will not do, Madam," replied he. "I had made this reſolution; but, upon writing to her phyſician at the Wells, I find that ſhe is likely to live five months longer:—now the time limited for the diſcharge of the mortgage, expires in four months. But one thing remains; I confeſs indeed nothing can excuſe it, but my neceſſity."

"What is it?" ſaid my Lord.

"I ſhall

"I ſhall pay a viſit to Monimia," replied he, "ſeek a quarrel, provoke her to diſmiſs me, ſo that every thing may appear to have ariſen from her, and my honour may thus be ſafe."

My Lord and myſelf have laughed heartily at this contrivance. It muſt be confeſſed Sir Harry is a perfect man of faſhion! Adieu!—I am to be married in the morning.

Your's, &c.

R. H.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

From Lord Varniſh to Lord Charles Surface.

MY DEAR SURFACE,

I AM at this moment one of the happieſt upon the liſt of Peerage. A thouſand thanks to the propitious fortune which has at length gratified my fondeſt hopes! and ten thouſand thanks to my own wit, to which I owe it all!—But now to the ſubject of my letter.

The

The newſpapers, I muſt ſuppoſe, have made you acquainted with the leading events which have happened within theſe three laſt weeks in my family. Plague take them all! There's nothing can eſcape their impertinence. I made a maiden ſpeech; and next morning, thanks to theſe damned vehicles, the whole nation was laughing at me. Within a week afterwards I became a faſhionable huſband; and I ſuppoſe they have taken care to inform you of this. You have certainly heard of my divorce; but as you are poſſibly not ſo well acquainted with its circumſtances, I'll give them you here. Now then for a picture—I mean to ſay a recapitulation, which may do honour even to the word-ſparing Tacitus.

The late Lady Varniſh, who is the preſent

Lady Winlove, was married to my Lord Winlove before ſhe accepted my hand. The turtles, however, were ſeparated before they had well done their cooing; my Lord fled in a paſſion to India, and my Lady in a pique into my arms. My Lord returns, meets my Lady at firſt by chance, and afterwards by appointment. I appear uninvited, and a ſcuffle takes place. My Lord and myſelf have a ſecond meeting by appointment, read the Marriage and Divorce Laws, and frame a contract upon them to our mutual wiſhes. I hand my Lady to my Lord's coach, wiſh them a good journey, and, bowing, retire to my lawyer's. The matter is brought to an immediate trial; the Judge declares that *Crim. Con.* has gained a moſt horrible point, and expreſſes his commiſeration for my agonized feelings; the Jury are moved by the pathetic

pathetic picture; and to console me, cast my Lord W. in damages of twenty thousand pounds. The lawyers and myself dine together, drink the health of Judge and Jury, and the Divorce Laws, and invalidate the judgment of damages.

Behold the history of my divorce; and no bad comment on our Marriage Acts.

Your's, &c.

VARNISH.

LETTER XXV.

From Lord Varniſh in Continuation.

DEAR HARRY,

AS ſoon as I had obtained my divorce from my Lady Varniſh, I called on her couſin and late *eléve*, to prepare to paſs into her vacant place: the ceremony took place laſt Friday, and the late couſin Rachael is now Lady Varniſh. You have often admired the ſpirit of this young girl, her ready genius, and rapid progreſs through all faſhionable attainments; and on my conſcience ſhe well deſerves

deſerves our admiration. I will mention one inſtance of her ſpirit, of which I believe you are not informed, but which is no bad proof of it.

You may remember hearing that a few months ago, when ſhe was firſt put under the hands of my late Lady, ſhe was engaged to a young country booby, whom you have often heard her rally under the curious title of Squire Robert. This match was entirely to her uncle's approbation, and the heart of the old gentleman—old Sir Hilary I mean, was ſet upon having it concluded immediately on her return from London:—you may gueſs, therefore, his ſurpriſe and his more than uſual rage when he received a letter from this dutiful niece, informing him that my late Lady Varniſh having left me, I had ſolicited her to ſupply her vacant place, and that ſhe had not refuſed my requeſt. The

letter is ſo curious, that I cannot refrain giving it to you.—Here it is then.

TO SIR HILARY H——.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I have juſt received the letter you did me the honour to write to me: your mention of the manner in which I received the farmer, your remarks on my expences, your pleaſantry on my milliner's daughters, and your condolements with the gentleman you are pleaſed to call my lover—I mean, Squire Robert, have given me infinite amuſement. I have ſhewn the letter to ſeveral young gentlemen, viſitors of my Lord, and they all agree that it does you infinite credit: Colonel Brilliant declares that you

you by no means want a notion of raillery, and my Lord himſelf allows that you excel infinitely in breeding.—Wit and breeding!—Proceed, my dear uncle, and you too will ſoon be a man of faſhion!—You certainly do not want a genius for thoſe accompliſhments: your conceits are pleaſant, and I have laughed ſeveral times at the happy levity of your letter."

Here's for you, Harry!—The letter ſhe is bantering, is as paſſionate as an Oppoſition ſpeech on a new Budget:—the brute threatens her in it with a horſewhip, and the whole ſtyle of the letter is as coarſe as the threat. But this is not half her letter; ſhe takes up nearly a whole ſheet in relating my Lady Varniſh's elopement, and relates it in a tone

and manner which mark her own fashionable sentiments, and cannot but most seriously offend her uncle.—She then proceeds:—

" My Lord, having thus lost one wife, is desirous of another, and perhaps with the hope of shortly losing her also. Well, after all, uncle, there is nothing like variety, and 'tis really no wonder that a man of my Lord's taste should be so fond of it. But seriously, my dear uncle, this silly Lord has paid his addresses to me, and, what is worse, I have been silly enough to listen to them. In short, uncle, he has demanded my hand. I refused it to him for some time: but at length, to get rid of his impertinence (you have no idea, Sir, how impertinent these men of fashion can be), I have given him my

my consent, and we are to be married within this next week.

" The purpose of this letter, uncle, is to request your consent to this arrangement;—I flatter myself that you will have no objection to my Lord's proposal. As he has now been separated from my Lady some weeks, you will not object to our wedding as being too hurried for decency: and the affair is not so hasty as you may be inclined to imagine. The truth is, my Lord has addressed me this long time; he declared himself to me even some months before my Lady's elopement was thought of, and I encouraged him long before the separation took place. You see, therefore, Sir, that our connection is not so sudden, and is not deficient in all due decorum.

"Shall I thank you to tranſmit the conſent we requeſt as ſoon as you poſſibly can? As my Lord and myſelf have agreed on Tueſday next for our nuptials, and this is Saturday, we muſt requeſt an immediate anſwer. You will have this letter on Monday morning; if you reply to it immediately, your conſent may reach us before the ceremony has taken place; ſhould it unfortunately be delayed, I fear it will not be in our power to await it. My Lord is naturally impatient; and though, as he ſays, he has every reſpect for you, and would wiſh, if poſſible, to obtain your conſent to our nuptials, yet he cannot perſuade himſelf, for the very life of him, to wait for it half an hour.

"Serioufly, uncle, I believe the man is in love with me; and as your letter ſhews that you can pity the feelings of unfortunate lovers

lovers in the perſon of my poor forſaken ſwain, the Squire, I flatter myſelf you will not be leſs indulgent to my Lord Varniſh. I can aſſure you, Sir, he has a very ſincere reſpect for you, and, as he tells me, feels a moſt lively ſatisfaction in the hopes of a ſpeedy alliance with you.

"But *àpropos*, Sir—I have juſt mentioned poor Squire Robert;—you have deſcribed him in your late letter as really deſerving my pity.—I do pity him, Sir; but tell him from me, he would be much more to be pitied were he leſs to be pitied: or, as he'll not have wit enough to underſtand this ſentence, you may tell him in plain country words, that he has a happy riddance in what he ſo ignorantly complains of as a misfortune: a wife like me would but ill ſuit a huſband like him. I would adviſe him to ſeek another miſtreſs;

you may recommend Miſs ——; 'tis true ſhe has red hair, but that's a thing that Squire Robert is tall enough to overlook. But ſeriouſly, Sir, and all raillery apart, you muſt try to appeaſe him, for I fear he will be rather angry when he hears of my approaching wedding.

"I have now only to mention a ſlight circumſtance. You may remember, my dear uncle, that my late father, dying whilſt I was very young, left me a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds, and committed it to your management as my uncle and guardian. You remember that it is now ten years and ſix months ſince his death, and conſequently that you have had the uſe and management of this fortune for that period of time: in theſe ten years, therefore, it muſt have moſt conſiderably increaſed. I ſtated theſe circumſtances

to

to my Lord, when, taking a pencil from his pocket, and a card from the table, he was pleaſed to calculate this accumulation. As it may ſave you ſome trouble, I have copied it for you, and it follows immediately.

COPY.

'To the uſe of twenty thouſand pounds for ten years at ten per cent.—a profit it might have obtained if put into the public funds, that is to ſay, if laid out to proper advantage—

Intereſt of £20,000 for one year at £10 per cent. - -	£ 2000
Multiply -	10
Product for ten years - -	20,000
Original fortune - - - -	20,000
Sum total -	£40,000

This

" This is my Lord's calculation, by which you may see it appears that my fortune is now doubled, and that you have to pay me forty thousand pounds on my marriage. My Lord, however, desires me to assure you that he will by no means press you, or put you to any inconvenience by a too hasty demand of the money :--if you will let him have a draft of five thousand pounds, payable in one month, and another of ten thousand pounds, to be paid in six months, it will be sufficient, he says, for his present purposes, and he is content to wait your own time for the payment of the remainder; it may remain, he says, settled on your own estate by way of mortgage.

" I have nothing more at present to add, except it is to repeat my request that you will write and transmit me your consent

to

to my marrying my Lord, the moment you receive this. If you do this, and loſe no time, I ſhall receive it a full hour before the ceremony is to take place ;—a thing, my dear uncle, that will give me great pleaſure, as I can aſſure you, on the contrary, that we ſhall feel great concern, if any unfortunate delay ſhall compel us to marry before your conſent ſhall arrive.—My Lord joins in reſpects.

" I am, my dear uncle,

" Your affectionate

" RACHAEL."

There, what think you of this? *Voila la Belle Sauvage!* What think you of my Lady Varniſh's talents as an inſtructreſs in the mode?

Your's, &c.

VARNISH.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

From Miſs Rachael, now Lady Varniſh, to her Cousin Jenny.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

IN the laſt letter I wrote to you, I mentioned that it would poſſibly be the laſt which you would receive from me; and as I am now no longer the ſame perſon, you may juſtly conſider it as ſuch. Yes, my dear, the deed is at length done, and I have become Lady Varniſh!

You

You will here expect to receive a long account of preparations, of dress, &c.; but this is only your ignorance of the fashionable world. In the country, indeed, a wedding is a thing of importance; and should it take place in a family of any consequence, not only the houses of the parties, but the whole neighbourhood is in a bustle as great as that of a Borough at a General Election. Every thing in town is conducted with more apathy and more elegance;—a marriage in the fashionable world causes no bustle except amongst the lawyers: the parties immediately concerned consider it as an affair of no other importance than a party to the Opera; their only care is to be dressed at the appointed hour. They have no appearance of that awkward solemnity so usual in the unpolished villagers; every thing is conducted with gaiety, ease, and *nonchalance*.

Such,

Such, my dear, is the endleſs variety of this *beau-monde*, that, were I to continue to write to the end of my life, I could never ſufficiently deſcribe, or even enumerate its almoſt endleſs ſcenes. It is only by becoming a ſpectator that you will be enabled to underſtand and even reliſh this variety. You muſt not be ſurpriſed at this laſt term; for, as they ſeldom reliſh wine in their childhood who become its moſt ſteady votaries in the more diſtinguiſhing age of manhood, ſo thoſe who are at preſent the moſt ardent followers of the mode, are ſuch as, upon their firſt introduction to the town, were moſt averſe to it: there is a ſpirit and generoſity in its pleaſures which is little ſuited to our natural appetites and prejudices. You muſt have obſerved this in the effects of many of its ſcenes upon myſelf, as I have related them in my preceding letters.

You

You will have no difficulty, I think, to underſtand the purpoſe of theſe remarks. But to explain myſelf in one word, I have no other wiſh at preſent than that of having you with me. As I am now married, and have a houſe to receive you, your father I ſuppoſe will not forbid you to follow your own inclinations; and I have that confidence in your friendſhip, that I have no doubt they will lead you to comply with my wiſhes: but ſhould he refuſe his compliance, I flatter myſelf that you have not profited ſo little by my inſtructions, as to be at a loſs in what manner to act:—act as a woman of faſhion, my dear, and ſet an unreaſonable father at defiance.—"A Parliament," as my Lord ſaid in his maiden ſpeech, "is no longer a Parliament than it acts like a Parliament:"—it is in the ſame manner with a father; he is a father, and is entitled to our obedience only as long as

he

he acts like one—that is to say, as long as he consults our pleasures and inclination: but he no sooner assumes the tyrant—that is to say, controuls and opposes our inclinations, than he ceases to have any title either to respect or obedience.

There, my dear, I have given you the whole of the argument. You will think, perhaps, it is too good a one to be my own. Shall I confess a truth, and consult my candour at the expence of my vanity?—To acknowledge the truth then, the whole argument is my Lord's, and I have done nothing but substitute one word instead of another—that of a father instead of a Parliament: indeed it is the peculiar nature and characteristic merit of all my Lord's speeches, and more particularly of his maiden speech, that they will apply to one subject as well as another;—you have only

to

to change the "Mr. Speaker" for the title of the perſon to whom you addreſs yourſelf, and my Lord's maiden ſpeech would thus be adapted to any place, or any purpoſe. You muſt not wonder that I ſay ſo much upon this ſubject, for a maiden ſpeech is as it were a new era in the life of a man of faſhion. If I had brought his Lordſhip a ſon and heir, he would not have received more viſits of congratulation than he has already received, and ſtill continues to receive, upon this his firſt opening his mouth in Parliament: one would really think he had been born dumb, and had only now, by ſome miracle, obtained the uſe of his tongue. If we have a party to dinner, the deſſert no ſooner appears, than my Lord is called upon to repeat his maiden ſpeech: he accordingly riſes, waves his hand, and with all due grace and gravity repeats it word for word as he had delivered it. He has gone

through it in this manner upwards of twenty times, and has every time been equally admired and equally applauded. I have thus nearly learned it by memory; and if it were not too long, I would write it out, as well for your own amuſement as for the uſe of your brother, who I underſtand is to come into Parliament upon the next General Election: it is really a model for all maiden ſpeeches, and as ſuch, I will preſent you with ſome extracts. Endeavour then to conceive my Lord to riſe in his place—his look full of gravity and importance, and the whole Houſe huſhed into the ſilence of attention and expectation.

"[Sir, I riſe in my ſeat to addreſs this honourable Houſe—and I riſe with equal reſolution

reſolution and timidity:—if the conſciouſneſs of being about to diſcharge a moſt important duty inſpires me with a ſuitable boldneſs, the dignity of this awful aſſembly, of which I conſtitute a part, excites at leaſt an equal degree of diffidence. But I throw myſelf wholly upon your indulgence; and therefore, without further preface, will enter upon the ſubject in debate."

There, my dear, what do you think of an addreſs like this? I aſſure you it has obtained my Lord no ſmall degree of credit; and both parties agree that he is likely to become an honour to Parliament. The remaining part of his ſpeech has equal merit.

"I ſhall

"I ſhall divide," ſays he, "the queſtion under two heads—firſt, what I approve; ſecondly, what I diſapprove: I ſhall conſider each of theſe diviſions in their order."

He then continues to examine that part of the propoſed meaſure which meets his concurrence, and aſſigns many reaſons which had eſcaped its other advocates. Having diſpatched this firſt diviſion, he proceeds to an expoſure of the folly of that part of which he profeſſes a moſt decided abhorrence. In the courſe of this diſplay he wept, raved, and rallied—one moment was all argument, and the next all ridicule. He declared that he was as ready as any gentleman preſent to die in the ſervice of his country, and that he would readily ſacrifice his deareſt intereſts, his fortune, and life for the public good; but that he

he was too deeply impreſſed with the ſenſe of what he owed to his conſtituents to give his conſent to a meaſure ſo replete with miſchief;—that the tax propoſed treſpaſſed upon the comforts of domeſtic life; for who would deny that porter was a domeſtic article, a convenience, indeed a neceſſary of life?—that the addition of a penny upon a pot was indeed nothing very great; but that gentlemen ſhould conſider that, in all taxes of this nature, it was not ſo much the tax itſelf as the precedent it eſtabliſhed, which was to be feared, and therefore to be guarded againſt;—that there were limits to Miniſterial confidence; and that though we ought not to preſume they had any bad intentions in the propoſed tax, it was the duty of legiſlators to oppoſe every pernicious principle upon its firſt approach;—that the Houſe could never

be too jealous of the exerciſe of taxation;—that Hampden had bled in no other cauſe than that of reſiſtance to taxes.—Such were the leading arguments of my Lord's maiden ſpeech;—you muſt confeſs it was admirable.

Let me entreat you to follow my advice, and leave the country with the firſt opportunity. My houſe will never receive a more acceptable gueſt.

But I hear a viſitor at the door. I muſt depart to receive him.

CON-

CONCLUSION BY THE EDITOR.

AS Miſs Rachael—we beg her pardon—as my Lady Varniſh had finiſhed the laſt ſentence, ſhe left her apartment, and proceeded to receive the viſitor; but ſhe was ſcarcely half down the ſtairs, when a young lady ruſhed forward to meet her, and claſped her in her arms. My Lady was at firſt ſtartled; but looking in the face of the young lady, ſhe gave a cry of joy, and returned her embraces with equal eagerneſs. In ſhort, the young lady was no other than couſin Jenny herſelf: ſhe had bribed her maid—a trick it is ſuppoſed ſhe had learned in her leſſons on the *beau-monde*. By theſe means ſhe eſcaped from the apartment in which her father had confined her,

made the beſt of her way to the next poſt-town, and drove immediately up to London: ſhe ſoon found out my Lord's houſe, and flew, as we have ſeen, into my Lady's arms—and here we ſhall leave her.

With regard to Sir Harry, he did not heſitate to execute his contrivance, and its ſucceſs was equal to his wiſhes. Upon his arrival at the Wells, he was introduced into the preſence of his dying miſtreſs. Her cheeks, which had already aſſumed the pallid hue of approaching death, were reanimated at his firſt appearance with the momentary glow of love and pleaſure. His converſation, however, ſoon baniſhed this intruding joy;—ſuch indeed was its indifference, that it inſpired her with reſentment, and ſhe did not refrain from ſome reproaches. Sir Harry defended himſelf in a manner which could

could not fail to increaſe her anger, and acted his part with ſo much dexterity and effect, that ſhe at length commanded him to leave her preſence, and forbade his viſits and attentions in future. Sir Harry bowed, retired, and within a fortnight married the widow, and ſecured his eſtate. The family of Monimia, and every tea-table at the Wells, did not ſpare her for ſo haſty a diſmiſſal of her lover:—ſhe did not, however, bear theſe taunts for any length of time, for ſhe died within a week after her knowledge of the marriage of her lover.

As our principal characters have now reached their ſeveral goals—ſelf-murder, matrimony, infidelity, and divorce, their progreſs through the *beau-monde* is at length completed, and we ſhall here take our final leave of them. With regard to the remainder

of their adventures, it may be sufficient to inform the reader that my Lord, my Lady, and cousin Jenny have hitherto preserved a perfect consistency of principle and character.—They are each rolling in their *several* orbits, but around a common center—the *beau-monde*: they will perform their gay revolutions for some time longer, and then, like other meteors, fall into extinction!—It is the unhappy condition of nature, that people of fashion must have something in common with the basest vulgarity—they must die like their own footmen!—a truth which even Dr. L—— will allow without a doubt. We must confess, however, that they die with *grace*—or, in the stronger language of the turf and the Old Bailey—*that they die game!*

FINIS.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

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